



THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, Esq.

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MR. JOHN A. HERAUD, EDITOR OF "THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE," TO PROFESSOR WILSON, EDITOR OF "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE," IN REPLY TO SOME ILL-NATURED REMARKS MADE BY THE LATTER ON THE FORMER IN THE LAST NUMBER OF "OLD EBONY."

TO PROFESSOR WILSON,

SIR,—IN the leading article of the last (CCLXXXVI) Number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, entitled, "Our Pocket Companions," you have indulged in some remarks on Hope in general, and on Mr. Thomas Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* in particular. A paper several years old, in the *Quarterly Review*, on Mr. Campbell's poetry appears to have offended you; after animadverting on which, you proceed to castigate a passage in one of my productions in the following unjustifiable and *unprovoked* manner:—

A word with John A. Heraud, Esq., author of *The Oration on Coleridge, &c.* &c. In a *Lecture on Poetic Genius as a Moral Power*, delivered at the "Milton Institution," occurs this portentous paragraph:—

"We have now to do with the poets who exercise *activity*. Being, we have said, must act—in the neuter and passive, we have detected its *eternal* operation. But it operates in Time also, and is diligent in reference to sensible ultimates. It is here that the third class of poets are active. Pope, and Campbell, and Rogers, are anxious only for the sensuous form—the channel of expression in which their thoughts shall flow. They prefer Act in its lowest spheres to Being in any. Unconscious of the neuter, and despising the passive, they interpose a set form of speech; and, to do them justice, never dream of publishing themselves for men inspired. If they approach the purlieus of the Eternal and the Ideal, they are sure to blunder. Hence Campbell, at the conclusion of his poem, lights the torch of Hope at Nature's funeral pyre—an error of which any theologian might have admonished him. False and injurious predictor of a state where Faith shall be lost in sight, and in which Hope can have no part; since Hope requires Time for its condition, and has no place in Eternity! Such poets as these are the votaries of the sensuous Present only: what they remember and what they anticipate belong both to this *present* life—scarcely to the classical past, and little indeed to the theological future. The best of them is rather an essayist on criticism than an essayer in poetry."

As we may have something to say of this *Lecture*, and eke of the *Oration on Coleridge*, another day, we (you continue), shall now merely remark that the world will not think the worse of Pope, Campbell, and Rogers, because they "never dream of publishing themselves for men inspired." Men inspired need

not take that trouble; for sooner or later—and a few years are of no moment—they will be numbered with the greater or lesser prophets. Men not inspired, but puffed up, may publish themselves for Isaiahs and yet find themselves in the Balaam Box.

It may be very sinful “to despise the passive;” but we cannot think it a serious misfortune to any man “to be unconscious of the neuter.” Be this as it may, “John A. Heraud, Esq.” who has often “published himself for a man inspired,”* is here guilty of a gross offence to Campbell. His whole *Lecture* is a series of plagiarisms—as we, at our leisure, shall shew—and he must steal even his insults. But the *Quarterly Reviewer* always writes like a gentleman—here Mr. Heraud does not; and, servilely adopting another man’s error, he pompously emits it as his own truth. He talks of “the purlieus of the Eternal,” and the Last Day, as confidently as of the purlieus of Epping Forest, and the Day of the Hunt. We see the curl of contempt on Campbell’s poetic lips, and in his poetic eye the smile of disdain.

Such is the style in which you have permitted yourself to remark of a man of whom you know nothing, except from his writings. From the circumstance of a large proportion of these being anonymous, it is very possible that you may have mistaken other people’s articles for his, and his for other people’s. Hence, I conceive, that you, like many others, have misapprehended my character as a critic and essayist, and suffered your mis-opinion to re-act on your judgement of my acknowledged works. I mention this as possible, since Professor Wilson is not the only literary man who has suffered under error in this respect. As to others, however, permit me to add that their sentiments have altogether changed when they have become aware of the facts. Experience, therefore, teaches me to be charitable in all that regards such mistakes, and I forgive at once Professor Wilson for the irritated *tone* of the foregoing remarks, which tone evidently proceeds from some motive not to be learned from the surface of the remarks themselves.

It is somewhat singular, that in conversation with a friend, himself a poet of no mean power, I was speculating, only the day before I saw the last number of *Blackwood’s Magazine*, on the remarkable fact, that the criticism of Christopher North had chiefly been expended on the minor poetry of the age, rather than the more ambitious flights occasionally adventured by the English Muse, during his critical reign. This curious fact is acknowledged in the article containing your *unprovoked* attack on myself. The acknowledgement is in these terms:—“Fear not that we are about to indite a critique on Campbell. You know that we *never, in all our days, indited a critique on any great poet*. No philosophical critic, thank Heaven, are we! though we have read the *Stagyrile*.” I leave the acknowledgement as it stands, without pretending to fathom the motive which has dictated so strange a course of proceeding. Dr. Johnson also preferred the lesser to the greater lights of British song—some reason for which I thought fit to guess at in the first of the articles on Milton, which were published in the last volume of this Magazine. But since there is no disputing about tastes, it may, perhaps, be as well to assign none for Mr. Wilson’s preferences in this respect; or, if any, I am quite willing to admit the worthiest as the likeliest reasons that actuated him.

Nearly all the criticism that I have written—clearly all that I have

* When, where, and how? And if so, what then?

ever written on poetry—has been of the laudatory kind. I have adopted a plan clean contrary to that patronised by yourself. I have chosen the best works of the time for the exercise of what critical talent had been intrusted to my keeping. My articles on Coleridge have been nearly as frequent as your own on Wordsworth, though, I am free to confess, less effective as less powerful—nor always so full as they might and ought to have been, as I have hitherto written under proprietary limitations, from which I believe Professor Wilson has been happily exempt. I too have also written on Wordsworth, and am not unapproved for what I have written, not only as critic but as poet, by Wordsworth himself. The way in which this great man has *sought* every occasion to speak decidedly in favour of *The Judgement of the Flood* is exceedingly gratifying to an aspiring mind, that has had to contend with every difficulty. Personally a stranger, as, until very lately, I was to him, I have been continually surprised that he should have solicitously mentioned in his private correspondence me and my works in the terms of the highest esteem. These things, too, have come to my knowledge in the oddest manner; persons unknown to me even by name having sent me extracts from Wordsworth's letters, conceived in somewhat these terms,—“Tell Mr. Heraud, if you know him, that the more I read of his great poem, the stronger is the impression I have of his genius.” Others, too, who have returned from a visit to Rydal Mount, have brought similar messages—parties who knew not of the existence of my poem, save by seeing it on Mr. Wordsworth's table.

Now all this (not very remotely) has a bearing on the point stated above—touching the reviewing of the minor or the major poets of the time. I take credit to myself for two things in particular, the review in *Fraser* of Mr. Browning's *Paracelsus*, and in this Magazine of *Ernest*; to which I shall have to add, in this number, a criticism on *Festus*. The remark above alluded to, concerning the extraordinary preference of Christopher North for the modern minor poets, originated in a conversation on the aforesaid article in the July Number of the *Monthly* on *Ernest*. Of this poem I had written so warmly, that a suspicion had crept into some minds, more cunning than wise, that that marvellous epic might have been the production of the author of *The Judgement of the Flood*, and that he was, *sub rosâ*, reviewing his own book. Such minds could not conceive the possibility of one epic poet reviewing another in terms of the highest approbation. They, however, know as little of me as Professor Wilson seems to do. They can as little conceive of literary generosity, as I can of literary jealousy. Why Professor Wilson should have *waited* until this time—until years after the publication of the works on which he has remarked—before he either alluded to me or them, he can best interpret. I am willing, however, to ascribe it to the cause stated by himself—to the course of conduct adopted as the rule of his editorship—that “he never in all his days indited a critique on any great poet!”

My conduct, Sir, has been *toto cælo* different. To return therefore to *Ernest*. The reader will recollect that the Editor of this Magazine was at a loss to account for the manner in which the poem of *Ernest* reached him; to which I may now add, that for a fortnight after the publication of the July review of *Ernest*, I was ignorant of the author.

After that time, however, I became acquainted with him; and now it is that this subject comes in to illustrate the point that I wish to urge upon, not against, Professor Wilson. In explanation of the mode of transmission, the poet of *Ernest* stated that the reason why the poem had been so abruptly forwarded to my residence arose from the circumstance of a friend of his insisting on taking a copy to Mr. Heraud, for two reasons: first, because that he was an epic poet, and therefore every new epic poem should by right be presented to him; and, secondly and chiefly, because Mr. Wordsworth had mentioned in such high terms myself to this same friend. Accordingly, a copy was placed in his hands for the purpose of delivery, and, without *envelope*, was brought by this gentleman from one house to the other, and put in at my door in the manner stated. He then returned to the author of *Ernest*, saying that he had left the copy at the house. Did I know this friendly go-between? Not even by name. Yet, in total ignorance of all these circumstances, and notwithstanding the objectionable nature of the poem on political grounds, I determined to render justice to the work, influenced by no feeling but that of its poetic excellence. Would Professor Wilson have done this? He reviews no great poem!! Witness, that on the very day in which the *Monthly Magazine* had the honour of introducing a great poem to public appreciation, *Blackwood's Magazine* was employed in traducing a long poem—M'Henry's *Antediluvians*. Such is the difference, it seems, that exists between John Wilson and John A. Heraud!

We have only apparently wandered from the subject—Mr Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*, a remark of mine on which excited the Professor's rash and ill-judged sarcasm. It is not likely, judging from my previous conduct, that, in the passage quoted from my lecture, I should have designed to insult Mr. Thomas Campbell. It is now very many years ago since I co-edited with Mr. Robert Maugham, now Secretary to the Law Institution, and some other gentlemen, a periodical emanating from perhaps the most respectable Debating Society ever established,—a quarterly periodical, called the *Philomathic Journal*, and which was continued to four volumes. In that Journal, all the poetic criticism is from my pen.—There are elaborate papers on Byron—Hogg—Campbell—Southey—papers on the strength of which I was admitted, by Mr. Southey's recommendation, as a critic into the *Quarterly Review*. With the paper on Campbell, however, we have mainly to do. In what manner did I then treat Campbell? Disrespectfully? Far from it. I spake of him in the most affectionate terms, and still retain for him and his poetry the most reverential respect. If, in the moment of rhetorical heat, I apostrophised him as “a false and injurious predicator,” he will be the first man to excuse such an outburst of philosophical zeal, into which I am sure that no personal feeling entered. At that moment, the names mentioned were to me nothing—the truth to be illustrated every thing.

To come now, then, to the present alleged insult. John Wilson says that I have *stolen* it, as I generally do such things, and that the “whole lecture is a series of plagiarisms.” Poor man! What can have put him into such a vehement rage? Professor Wilson, however, should be about the last man to charge plagiarism on another. His entire

literary career has been altogether dependant on the existence of other authors. Both in manner and in matter he has done nothing all his life long but iterate and amplify the conceptions of other men. This he has done with exceeding skill—the setting that he has given to quotations has been very masterly—but the excellence of his articles has generally resided in the extracts. The article before us is a series of excerpts—and to piece it out, he criticises an old critique in the *Quarterly*, and a Lecture published two or three years ago by the present Editor of the *Monthly*. Such is the manner in which John Wilson's papers are *made-up*.

Nevertheless, John Wilson has no faithfuller admirer, as I proved in the last number of this Magazine,* than the man on whom, *without provocation*, he has thus fallen *foul*. Though indebted for all his notions to Wordsworth and Coleridge, and reflecting them after an *ad captandum* fashion of his own, I strongly favour Wilson's critical writing—even for this very cause—that the Critical should be the Mirror to the Poetic Mind of the age.

To drop the indirect, and to address you again immediately: You say that you design, "*at your leisure*," to shew the series of plagiarisms of which the lecture on *Poetic Genius as a Moral Power* consists. With all my heart. I shall then learn something. If that lecture be a series of plagiarisms, I must have had the most extraordinary memory in the world. For, as is well known by the gentlemen at whose request it was delivered, that lecture was not written at all—I had no time to write it—and it was spoken on the spur of the occasion. It arose entirely from an accidental occurrence—from my having been accidentally present at a previous lecture, which was of a platonic character; and the lecturer permitting a slight discussion afterwards. I took part in that discussion—the auditors desired to hear me further on the matter. Shortly afterwards, by special request, an *extempore* lecture was delivered—a gentleman present wrote the words down from my lips, and from his notes the printed copy was taken.

That a mind in the state of *extempore* speaking will gather about it numerous recollections and associations is clear—but that it can be said to *plagiarise* is not so. That the passage from the *Quarterly Review* might have been in my mind is probable—but I keep no copy of the *Quarterly Review*, and have no extract of such passage among my papers, nor any recollection of having made such extract. I recollect, however, having perused the article itself, and disapproved of it, quite as strongly as Professor Wilson himself.

After the publication of the lecture, and when I had an opportunity of reading what previously I had only spoken—(for I was not, but certain of my auditors were, at the charge and trouble of the publication),—I doubtless found things loosely expressed, and that in this particular statement I had been led into an error. In the heat and onrush of public speech, a stray recollection had crossed my mind, which, being the readiest illustration at hand, and having no time to examine it, was admitted. I had not, however, to wait, Sir, for your correction. I received it in a much truer form from a strange kind of weekly periodi-

* The leading article, entitled, *John Wilson's Poetry reviewed by Christopher North*.

cal called *The Shepherd*, then in circulation among the curious. Take the paragraph.

When Mr. Heraud, in the passage we have quoted, applies the following language to Campbell, the poet—"False and injurious predicator of a state when Faith shall be lost in sight, and in which Hope can have no part, since hope requires *time* for its condition, and has *no place in eternity*," we say Mr. Heraud is going beyond his sphere. * * * Faith shall never cease in eternity, and Hope shall travel to eternity, with time, in the heart of every created being. What theologian, we ask, could have taught the poet of Hope, that Hope was mortal? Who is the bold interpreter of Heaven that dares to say so? We know that the rhymester, who paraphrased Paul's beautiful description of charity for the Scotch Church, for the sake of his metre, has thus expressed himself:—

"Hope shall to full fruition rise,
And faith be sight above,
These are the means, but this the end:
For saints for ever love."

But he had no warrant for it in the text, which distinctly says, "*Now abideth these three, faith, hope, and charity; but the greatest of these is charity.*" The fact is that the three are one, and cannot be separated. Faith is charity in prospect, resting upon a promise, thus *looking back*. Hope is charity in prospect, but not looking back; and charity is the substance itself, the thing hoped for: Now, in a state of the purest love, there must always be love in anticipation, as we rise in progression "*from glory to glory.*" In the one state of glory we look forward to the other—that is, hope; and we hope in faith upon the Divine promise. Destroy this Trinity and you "*dare the brow of God*" by rejecting the Son. We defend the Poet of Hope, who makes the everlasting goddess fearlessly and exultingly light her torch at the funeral pile of nature itself; that is, this present system. God has inspired poets long ago to call Hope immortal, and Mr. Heraud is not able to take her life. We are poor champions for the injured dame, but we shall never see a poignard levelled at her breast, without thrusting out an arm to caution the assailant of his mistake, for it is only a mistake; no evil is meant. But it is bad philosophy, bad theology, and bad poetry.

How superior is this defence of Hope's immortality, to the mere grammatical special pleading put in by Professor Wilson. Take it in his own words:—"Eternal life has not commenced. *Nature's funeral pile* is ablaze, but it is not yet consumed; if it were, Hope could not light her torch in the dead ashes. Time still is—and the material universe; and *Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below*. Hope, undismayed amid the *wrack of matter and the crash of worlds*, smiles serenely on Faith. But she is not *yet* lost in fruition.—*For wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow*;—and Hope is Hope, though on the verge of heaven."

Now this merely grammatical argument may be conclusive against the *Quarterly* reviewer, whose entire critique is an aggregate of errors, but leaves the argument in the lecture untouched. Such argument depends on the proposition, that "Hope requires time for its condition, and has no place in eternity." If Campbell's poem did not carry the subject to eternity, then the objection had no real reference to him—it was an error. Yet even then, the *conclusion* stated in the lecture was correct, that such poets dealt with the present sensuous life only, and preferred Act in its lowest sphere to Being in any.

Let me now, however, confess, that there is a sense, and a high one—

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nay, the highest—in which it may be said of Hope, and Faith, and Charity, that they are all equally immortal and eternal. Poets have so deemed them, and not amiss; and though Campbell should not have treated of Hope in that high point of view, yet will we permit him, nevertheless, to discourse of Immortal or Eternal Hope, by way of reflecting the impressions made upon his mind by those who have. It is an axiomatic truth, which he may be permitted to take for granted. And if he meant by the questionable line (what I verily believe,) to express his faith in the survival of Hope after the departure of time and space, he meant a sublimer truth than you, Sir, give him credit for. To this sublimer truth I now render in my allegiance—and, by so doing, relieve the poet from the state in which you, after all your pains, have left him plunged, as in the Slough of Despond,—that of being the poet of the present life rather than of the life eternal.

In conclusion, I beg to say that my respect for John Wilson is undiminished, notwithstanding this intemperate exhibition of unprovoked hostility. He has on several occasions shewn himself to be of an excitable temperament—too excitable, and thence readily conceiving groundless anger. But the world has forgiven him this offence ninety and nine times—I can, therefore, readily pardon him this once. It is probable, I think, that he will never transgress again—in which hope we will cover his present sin with the mantle of our mercy. We entertain no editorial jealousy, and we can assure Professor Wilson that he need not. We design not, in the *Monthly*, to rival *Blackwood's Magazine*—but to transcend it. I have the honour to be, Sir, yours very sincerely,

JOHN A. HERAUD.

P. S.—By way of corroboration, as to the *extemporeity*, and therefore *non-plagiarism* of the lecture, I add the following testimony of Mr. Bernays, who was present at its delivery, and has witnessed several spontaneous utterances of the same power or weakness on the part of your present correspondent. I do this simply to preclude Professor Wilson from supposing that, after all, the affair might have been got up by rote. In sooth, Professor—I have a bad memory, and can more easily talk for three hours than learn a speech of fifteen minutes' length. At the same time, while I am solicitous to preclude the charge of plagiarism, I do hope (not to speak it paradoxically), that, for the sake of its *originality*, there is after all in the lecture nothing new:—

“MY DEAR SIR,—I was much surprised at seeing your lecture, entitled, ‘Poetic Genius as a Moral Power,’ attacked in the last number of Blackwood, as a series of plagiarisms. Now as I happen, from being present, to know that the lecture itself was, to all outward appearance, entirely extempore, inasmuch as you had not a *scrap* of paper to assist you, and that it was printed solely by means of a friend who took it down in short hand; and as I also know, that the time between your acceptance of the proposal to deliver, and your delivery of the lecture, was so short as to prevent the possibility of your having leisure to learn it up; I think either the plagiarisms must have been *most* unconscious ones, or else Blackwood has most unfairly attacked you. So sure am I that you have it completely in your power to deliver a lecture without

the least preparation, the want of which would, of course, preclude all plagiarism, that if it be of any use to you, I give you perfect leave to publish this testimony of mine, that I have heard you speak several times, with the greatest ease, for above an hour, upon subjects which you could not possibly have known before entering the room; such being the rule of the society in which I have heard you. I remain, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS."

"JOHN A. HERAUD, Esq."

The following letter, likewise, has been received from Mr. Marston, whom the Editor has the honour to number among his contributors. There is young blood in our veins, and if the old lion persists in growling, we shall manage to get him laughed at:—

"Dear Sir,—As you request me, I can have no hesitation to state my candid opinion with regard to the originality of your *extempore* discourse on 'Poetic Genius as a Moral Power.'

"Having had the pleasure of being numbered among your auditors when that discourse was delivered, I am able to declare my full conviction that no one who heard your discourse delivered could entertain the notion that it was composed of '*a series of plagiarisms.*' The countenance in which we may read the activity of intelligence as it develops and illustrates a noble argument, never yet belonged to the mechanical compiler of previously recorded opinions.

"It is not for me either to censure or approve the course you have pursued with respect to Professor Wilson's accusations in the last Number of *Blackwood*. It appears to me, however, that they cannot have the slightest effect in diminishing your literary reputation, because,

"Firstly, The world is not inclined to attach much importance to charges, the proof of which is postponed '*to the leisure*' of the accuser, and, because,

"Secondly, The complaint which critics have brought against you in your character of poet, as well as in that of editor, has uniformly been, that the subjects which you select and the manner in which you treat them are so entirely unusual and eccentric, as to be *caviare* to those readers who can only appreciate writers always plagiaristic and common-place in sentiment and thought, though occasionally laboriously novel in style.

"These observations I am sure can only be necessary to those who have not the pleasure of your acquaintance: your friends, so often delighted by your unpremeditated discourses when no opportunity for preparation could have existed, will require no guarantee for the originality of your thoughts, or for that of their expression.

"Believe me, Dear Sir, Yours very faithfully,

"J. WESTLAND MARSTON.

"JOHN A. HERAUD, Esq."

P. S. Second.—I now take the liberty of adding the written opinions of Henry Nelson Coleridge and Joseph Henry Green, Esqrs., the literary executors of the late S. T. Coleridge, together with a letter from

Mr. Wordsworth himself, in favour of the Lecture which has excited Professor Wilson's anger.

"Dear Sir,—Many thanks for the present of your fine Lecture, which I was only able to read a day ago. The perusal gave me great pleasure,

"Yours truly,

"H. N. COLERIDGE.

"JOHN A. HERAUD, Esq."

"10 C. P. R. P. December 23, 1837."

"Hadley, January 1st.

"My dear Sir,—I beg to offer you my very sincere thanks for your eloquent lecture, which I need scarcely say, I have read with deep interest, and with that delight which cannot fail to be produced by the developement of a truth which, though long felt, has been, in fact, apprehended by few, and by most men, including that vast majority who shrink from delving into the depth of self-centered being, has been neglected or denied. "I am, Dear Sir, Yours very faithfully,

"J. A. HERAUD, Esq."

"JOSEPH HENRY GREEN."

"My dear Sir,—Accept my thanks for your able application of Mr. Coleridge's principles to the subject of poetry. Your genius and reflective powers entitle you to write upon that high argument. Your Oration delivered on Coleridge I possess.

"*Fraser's Magazine*, nor any other, do I ever see, but by the merest chance; except only *Blackwood's*, which is sent me once a quarter by the editor. But if *Fraser* had fallen in my way with your criticism in it, unless I had happened to know that it was your's, I should not have read it. There is commonly no bit of reading that I relish so little as notices of my own poems. In your case it will be different; and as I have a near connection who takes in that magazine, I can have an opportunity, sometime or other, of reading it, without troubling you to send the number.

"With many thanks, believe me, My Dear Sir, faithfully Yours,

"WM. WORDSWORTH.

"JOHN A. HERAUD, Esq."

"Rydal Mount, February, 28, 1838."

PROVIDENCE DIVINE,

(GHAZELL). BY JOHN A. HERAUD, Esq.,

Author of "*The Judgement of the Flood*," "*Descent into Hell*," "*Oration on Coleridge*," &c.

Glorious things of thee are spoken, Providence Divine!
Of thee would I make confession, Providence Divine!
Specially hast thou dealt unto spirit, soul, and flesh,
Specially with means supplied them, Providence Divine!
At the feasts of gods, of nectar once I quaffed too much,
And too much ate of ambrosia, Providence Divine!
Whence I fell into a slumber, and by fancy grew
To the shaping of my vision, Providence Divine!

And the object that I looked on, and communed withal,
 Was the body since so cherished, Providence Divine!
 Thou a father gavest unto it, and a mother too,
 While it needed help parental, Providence Divine!
 But my soul imprisoned then in ignorance had pined,
 Hadst thou not to her brought knowledge, Providence Divine!
 Blessings therefore be to thee, but rather for the mode
 Wherein it was wisely ordered, Providence Divine!
 For 'twas not with sensuous lore that first it came to me,
 But in high discourse of doctrine, Providence Divine!
 Well my mind has treasured since the teaching of the saint,
 Mine and my father's Eme age-honoured, Providence Divine!
 Thou our theme, we justified thy ways to sinful man,
 Or in Milton read together, Providence Divine!
 Strange and high developement therein my spirit found,
 Thence conceiving Poem lofty, Providence Divine!
 Long, long while in solitude my spirit proved its song,
 Uttered long to my heart only, Providence Divine!
 Foolishly impatient I, anticipating still
 The wise way by thee preparing, Providence Divine!
 Yet my folly was thy wisdom, bringing still my mind
 Into converse with thy chosen, Providence Divine!
 I have talked with poets too, and clasped them by the hand,
 With deep sages I have argued, Providence Divine!
 I have also sat and heard the eloquent of lip,
 Till my soul with speech grew pregnant, Providence Divine!
 Then I spake, where men were audient, truths now seldom told,
 Alien, yet how truly native, Providence Divine!
 Of my foes thou hast made friends: and strangers unto me
 At thy word became my brethren, Providence Divine!
 From three perils, nay, from four, thou hast delivered me,
 Nighest then when they were nighest, Providence Divine!
 To thy name I will sing praises, Saviour ever true,
 From all evil my Redeemer, Providence Divine!
 Still with wrath and wrong I wrestle, thou art present still,
 And will be when death shall threaten, Providence Divine!
 When the grave shall shut upon me, thou my flesh shalt keep,
 And my soul preserve in Hades, Providence Divine!
 Till the time of the reunion, when time shall be one
 With thine own eternity, O Providence Divine!
 And the body be refined from grossness natural,
 Purified to very spirit, Providence Divine!
 Then shall I have learned to taste that feast without excess,
 Whose excess my soul degraded, Providence Divine!
 And the fruits and rivers of celestial paradise,
 Nourish me in silence musing, Providence Divine!
 Owning thee ineffable, and listening to thy word,
 That speaks ever in my being, Providence Divine!
 For of it my being is, and whatsoe'er it knows;
 Thou alone, the intelligent—sole Providence Divine!

FESTUS. *

THIS poem should have received earlier notice, had we received it earlier. We knew not while we were reviewing *Ernest*, that there was another poem in the field, as daring in the religious, as the former in the political field of human speculation. Now, however, as the thing has been brought before us, we know our duty, and shall do it.

We feel ourselves not unentitled to speak of religious poetry in general, and of such a poem as this in particular. The plan of the work is the same as Göthe's *Faust*, and in fact attempts the solution of the same problem by similar means. Göthe's *Faust*, however, was a traditionary character; *Festus* is a creature of the poet's own naming. Not only, however, in this respect, but in all, the poet has set himself free from all restraints and limits. His imagination has encountered no difficulties that might be presented by formularies, or manners—but makes for itself, as occasion arises, creeds of her own, customs of her own, and, in her lawless flight, even makes a god and devil of her own. She proposes to herself the adoption of no "form of sound words;" but speaks, and trusts to the inspiration which speech is, for the truth which speech should utter. Thus avoiding all obstacles in the way of production, by what shall the power of the writer be tested—power which is usually manifested in the overcoming of difficulties? Whatever may have been the originality of Homer's mind, he dealt with Grecian manners, Grecian mythology, Grecian scenery, Grecian events, Grecian men and women. He had to put his new conceptions into these old forms, and only by these could he reach the common mind. The poet of *Festus*, transcending even Göthe in this particular, projects himself into the purely ideal, setting his will and his fancy free from all obstruction. In a word, he doth what he likes; no wonder, therefore, that what he does, is performed with facility. Let us, however, suggest another view of power—apart from obstacles—as power in itself, creative of the atmosphere in which it moves. The power that triumphs over difficulties breathes the air that is already made, and by which, not being its own, it is opposed. The mind, however, is its own place, and pure spirit respires in its own medium. The power manifested in this primary creation is of a higher, as well as prior nature. Whether human power can be such may be doubted—but is poetic power *human*? Is the author of "*Festus*" human? Yes. For he tells us, that, after all, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, the work before us was not produced without much anguish. If we are to believe him, he was, for the pain it cost him, a very Messiah among minstrels. Thus he records his agonies.

Read this, World! He who writes is dead to thee,
But still lives in these leaves. He spake inspired;
Night and day, thought came unhelped, undesired,
Like blood to his heart. The course of study he
Went through was of the soul-rack. The degree
He took was high: it was wise wretchedness.

* *Festus*, a Poem. London: William Pickering. 1839.

He suffered perfectly, and gained no less
A prize than, in his own torn heart, to see
A few bright seeds : he sowed them—hoped them truth.

We had not to learn that Parnassus was rather a Gethsemane than a Paradise. We write this, not profanely, but with a sacred feeling—with deep emotion, and solemn experience of the truth enounced. These travail-pains will be felt more and more by the rising class of poets. Old prescriptions are dead—creeds are worn out—the coming Catholic Christism is a different thing—very—from the fading Sectarian Christianity. Our religious systems have been made by man, but religion itself is of God, and, for ever new, will burst the old bottles at every fresh pouring out of the wine, whether of divine indignation or regenerating mercy. All the signs of the times speak of a new cycle begun ; and the rising poetry testifies perhaps as strongly as any other to the same great fact. Marvels accordingly are daily enacting before us ; miracles of Providence, as the fitting heralds of the third dispensation of love.

Never were times so important as these. The minds of public writers should rise to their dignity. Criticism must become as transcendental as poetry has—the popular writer must dare the holiest themes—the vain, the frivolous, and the unconsecrated are of no further avail. Being dead, let them be buried out of sight.

Well!—In the form and arrangement of its scenes, *Festus* is written on the model of Göthe's *Faust*. It opens with a scene in heaven, in which the Trinity and the angels are interlocutors, and Lucifer proposes the temptation of the hero. By the bye, what is the poet's idea of Lucifer ? We have some notion that the character is feebly drawn—that it is not so distinct and well understood by the poet, as was Göthe's Mephistopheles. But so far as we can make it out, we are afraid that he stands for a sort of negative god, a notion which forms one of the worst errors of pantheism, and which, by rendering the poem pantheistic, would reduce it in the scale of excellence. The poet is young, not more than twenty-three : and if such should be the case, he will certainly grow out of this state of belief ; but then he will have reason to repent some imperfections in his present work, which are of a radical character. This is pity.

Such, however, is the great defect of our modern poetry ; that instead of a perfect poem, we are continually presented with works which mark the peculiar developements in certain states and stages of the mind of the individual poet. We care not at what age the *Iliad* or *Lear* were written—they are good, great, wonderful, whether written at seven, or seventy years of age. Certain psychological advantages arise from the modern modes ; but these are for the scientific, rather than the poetic. The experimentalist is willing to grope in the fields of experience—but while he does so, is a sciolist, and no true philosopher. This wordy poetry needs recasting—it should be thrown into the furnace ; and, being melted, should come forth purified, and be transmitted into proper moulds, worthy, because of their perfection, to stamp a form on the finest ore.

Would it not therefore be well for every poet, henceforth, to keep his pieces private, until he attains forty years of age ; and then, out of his

old materials to construct, by selection and rejection, a poem complete in all its parts, and satisfactory in regard to its ultimate effect? A proposition this deserving of the profoundest consideration; let vanity say what it will, true ambition will vote in its favour. Rush not into print—public approbation is no test of excellence. Take counsel of thyself, O poet! There is no man, nor number of men, who can instruct thee:—therefore, abide thy time, resting meanwhile on thine own judgement; and, in the self-consciousness of power, needing no external corroboration, work in secret, until the *perfect* work may be brought forth confidently, and in a mature form—then may the sun's eye shine on it strongly, and not dim, but, by blending with, enhance its glory.

Festus is undoubtedly too long for the kind of poem. We find in it, as it advances, the most perplexing iteration. There is a part, too, where the poet begins to dogmatise, and brings forward a heavy theological system to explain, of course, the poem. He should have known better than this. Göthe refused so to compromise himself. Poetry should deal with symbols, not with doctrines. Every reader should be left to make his own—to deduce them from the types and general actions. The author of *Festus* has incurred a responsibility which he might have avoided. His own opinions will change on these points, and then he will wish that he had left character and incident to take care of themselves, and teach what they might to the docile. To instruct by words, after having instructed by types, is to do the same work twice over, or to add another work with perhaps a different meaning.

We gather from these dogmas, that the articles of religion which the author would promulge are as follows:

1. That the love of God is infinite as man's imperfection.
2. That God laughs at ill by man made, and allows it.
3. That man made not himself, and is not answerable for his heart, which he cannot hinder any more than it can hinder God.
4. What man does, good or ill, is pre-appointed by God, and for his glory.
5. That nothing is lost in nature; and no soul, though buried in the centre of all sin, is lost to God.
6. That evil is no positive estate or principle, but debtor wholly for its form and measure to defect, as defect is to good, which good is the sole positive principle in the world.
7. That the Son of God will redeem every spirit, man or devil. His life is ever suffering for love. In judging and redeeming worlds, is spent his everlasting being. The best and worst need one and the same salvation.
8. That each man is saved in the Son, who judges; for though "fraught with Godhood, he yet feels the frailties of the things he has made, and therefore can, like-feelingly, them judge."
9. *Festus.* So, soul and song begin and end in heaven,
Your birth-place and your everlasting home.

The Holy Ghost.

Time there hath been when only God was all;
And it shall be again. The hour is named,
When seraph, cherub, angel, saint, man, fiend,
Made pure, and unbelievably uplift
Above their present state—drawn up to God,
Like dew into the air—shall be all Heaven;
And all souls be in God, and shall be God,
And nothing but God be.

Son of God.

Let all be God's!

God. World without end! and I am God alone;
 The Aye, the Infinite, the Whole, the One!
 I only was—nor matter else, nor mind,
 The self-contained Perfection unconfined.
 I only am—in might and mercy one;
 I live in all things, and am closed in none.
 I only shall be—when the worlds have done,
 My boundless being will be but begun."

Now, here we have a very pretty beadroll of speculations, more or less skilfully threaded with larger or smaller intervals of intersection. These are the theories to be woven into verse. This kind of work Shelley had done long before it was attempted by the poet of Festus. There are great difficulties in this kind of poetry. Whatever satisfies the aspirations of the visionary will not equally serve the poet's purpose. The poetic art is necessarily objective in its character, and the merely subjective ideal is unfitted therefore for representation. It is, in fact, not representable. All Shelley's difficulties are accumulated five hundred fold in the poem of Festus.

Is Festus a man? He is the Last Man, and, like many men before him, lived a life of love and infidelity; yet by one heart-throb, one tear, is spoken of as having earned heaven. From all which we learn, to melt down the nine foresaid propositions into this one, that love without fidelity will earn heaven for a man. In other words, that a man from adolescence to senescence may betray one woman after another, yet, for the *love* he bore to each in turn, shall by such love be saved. Because, as Lucifer finally tells Festus, "To be in heaven is to love for ever"—whereto Festus gratefully replies, "I am glad!" whereupon the Son of God calls to him, "Here, come with me!" Festus demands, "But where are those I love?" and is answered by the same august personage, "Yon happy troop!" And then Festus exclaims, "Ah, blest ones, come to me! Loves of my heart, on earth, and soul, in heaven! Are ye all here, too, with me?" They respond unanimously, "All!" and Festus then solemnly declares, "It is heaven!" And thus, not by resisting, but by merely yielding to Lucifer's temptation, Festus is saved, and would have been, whether he had been tempted or not.

To write of the taste displayed in the diction and imagery of a poem which thus has passed all conceptions of law, would be to adopt one course for the whole, and another for the parts. By its boundlessness, it is put out of the pale of criticism. It may be a *wise* madness, the spirit in which it has been conceived and executed, nevertheless it is madness. We are called on, therefore, simply to present some specimens of its style for the reader's instruction, previously to considering the subject *in extenso*.

God has said to Lucifer, in reply to his request for permission to tempt Festus:—

Upon his soul
 Thou hast no power. All souls are mine for ages;
 And I do give thee leave to this, that he
 May know my love is more than all his sin;
 And prove unto himself that nought but God
 Can be enough to the souls he maketh great.

Whereupon the *Holy Ghost* is made to observe :—

And I will hallow him to the end of heaven,
That though he dip his soul in sin like a wick
In wax, it shall be glory still to God.
And he shall shine in robes wet through with light,
In heaven at last. All things are done in heaven
Ere aimed at upon earth. The child is chosen !

The following is extraordinary writing for a young man of twenty.

This is to be a mortal and immortal !
To live within a circle: and to be
That dark point where the shades of all things around
Meet, mix, and deepen. All things unto me
Shew their dark sides; somewhere there must be light.
O I feel like a seed in the cold earth;
Quickening at heart, and pining for the air !
Passion is destiny. The heart is its own
Fate. It is well youth's gold rubs off so soon !
The heart gets dizzy with its drunken dance,
And the voluptuous vanities of life
Enchain, enchant, and cheat my soul no more.
My spirit is on edge. I can enjoy
Nought which has not the honied sting of sin;
That soothing fret, which makes the young untried,
Longing to be beforehand with their nature,
In dreams and liveness cry, they die to live;
That wanton whetting of the soul, which while
It gives a finer, keener edge for pleasure,
Wastes more and dulls the sooner. Rouse thee, heart;
Bow of my heart, thou art yet full of spring !
My quiver still hath many purposes;
Yet what is worth a thought of all things here ?
How mean, how miserable every care !
How doubtful too the system of the mind !
And then the ceaseless, changeless, hopeless round
Of weariness, and heartlessness, and woe,
And vice, and vanity ! Yet these make life;
The life at least I witness, if not feel.
No matter ! We are immortal. How I wish
I could love men ! for amid all life's quests
There seems but worthy one ; to do men good.
It matters not how long we live, but how ;
For as the parts of one manhood while here
We live in every age ; we think, and feel,
And feed upon the coming and the gone,
As much as on the now time. *Man is one :*
And he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel
With a gigantic throb athwart the sea,
Each other's rights and wrongs ; thus are we men.
Let us think less of men and more of God !
Sometimes the thought comes swiftening over us,
Like a small bird winging the still blue air ;
And then again at other times it rises
Slow, like a cloud which scales the skies all breathless,
And just over head lets itself down on us.
Sometimes we feel the wish across the mind
Rush, like a rocket roaring up the sky,

That we should join with God, and give the world
 The go-bye: but the world meanwhile turns round,
 And peeps us in the face—the wanton world!
 We feel it gently pressing down our arm,
 The arm we had raised to do for truth such wonders;
 We feel it softly bearing on our side;
 We feel it touch and thrill us through the body:
 And we are fools, and there's an end of us.
 We are originally but a wreck;
 There is nothing sound about us. End us, God!
 It is a fine thought that sometime end we must.
 There sets the sun of suns! dies in all fire,
 Like Asher's death-great monarch. God of might!
 We love and live on power. It is Spirit's end.
 Mind must subdue. To conquer is its life.
 Why madest thou not one spirit, like the sun,
 To king the world? And O might I have been
 That sun-mind, how I would have warmed the world
 To love, and worship, and bright life!

If Coleridge, Wordsworth, Göthe, and Shelley had not existed, we should esteem such writing as this a miracle. What though the whole poem be a pile of nonsense, reducible to no form of logic? What! Is not the highest reason, *nonsense*? Nay, is not the beggarly understanding itself *nonsense*, though but one remove from sense? To these two faculties, namely, the understanding and reason, all that is sensible is subject; but they themselves transcend sense. Sense is their negation. They ———. But we must correct ourselves. The higher faculties are all affirmative of the lower. Understanding and reason then are sense, though sense be neither. Let us therefore be cautious in our modes of speech; and being so, the result is,—that no poem should be nonsense, and that poetry, however high, has a logic of its own; and that all apparent nonsense is the highest sense! So too with the poem before us. It is an idealism; but let this be acknowledged, that the conception is strange, and that the sensuous form to which it is reduced is not common sense, but *uncommon*.

We meant to give specimens of the style of this poem, and we have wandered into digressions. Take some then—not digressions, but specimens.

How can the beauty of material things
 So win the heart, and work upon the mind,
 Unless like-natured with them? Are great things
 And thoughts of the same blood? They have like effect.
 The world must have great minds, even as great spheres
 Or suns, to govern lesser restless minds,
 While they stand still and burn with life; to keep
 Them in their places, and to light and heat them.
 —As we do not see the sun himself,
 It is but the light about him, like a ring
 Of glory round the forehead of a saint, so
 God thou wilt never see. His naked love
 Is terrible; so great, that saints dread more
 To be forgiven than sinners do to die.

Faith's eye can look through hell,
 And through the solid world. We must all think

On God. Yon water must reflect the sky.
Midnight! Day hath too much light for us
To see things spiritually. Mind and night
Will meet, though in silence, like forbidden lovers,
With whom, to see each other's sacred form
Must satisfy.

Spirit is like the thread whereon are strung
The beads or worlds of life.

The following lines give the poet's idea of Lucifer:—

It is not for me to know, nor thee, the end
Of evil. I inflict, and thou must bear.
The arrow knoweth not its end and aim.
And I keep rushing, ruining along,
Like a great river, rich with dead men's souls.
For if I knew, I might rejoice; and that
To me by nature is forbidden. I know
Nor joy, nor sorrow; but a changeless tone
Of sadness, like the nightwind's is the strain
Of what I have of feeling. I am not
As other spirits, but a solitude
Even to myself; I the sole spirit, sole.
* * Mortality is mine: the green
Unripened universe. But as the fruit
Matures, and world by world drops mellowed off
The wrinkling stalk of time, as thine own race
Hath seen of stars now vanished; all is hid
From me.

Take some more fancies—feelings—figures.—

Night brings out stars, as sorrow shews us truths;
Though many, yet they help not; bright, they light not.
They are too late to serve us: and sad things
Are aye too true. We never see the stars,
Till we can see nought but them. So with truth, &c.
Stringing the stars at random round her head
Like a pearl network; there she sits; bright Night!
I love Night more than Day: she is so lovely.
Night hath made many bards: she is so lovely:
For it is beauty maketh poesie,
And from the dancing eye come tears of light.
The beautiful are never desolate;
But some one always loves them; God or man.
O she was fair! her nature once all spring,
And deadly beauty like a maiden sword;
Startlingly beautiful!
Ye waters! I have loved ye well. In youth
And childhood it hath been my life to drift
Across ye lightly as a leaf; or skim
Your waves in yon skiff swallow-like; or lie
Like a loved locket on your sunny bosom.
Could I, like you, by looking in myself,
Find mine own heaven—farewell!
All this must end; must pass; drop down
Oblivion like a pebble in a pit:
For God shall lay his hand upon the earth,
And crush it up like a red leaf.

The author, we perceive, gives in to the fictions of the geologists. He makes Lucifer assert—

I can remember well when earth was all
A creeping mass alive with shapeless things :
And when there were but three things in the world—
Monsters, mountains, and water : before age
Had thickened the eyes of stars ; and while the sea,
Rejoicing like a ring of saints round God,
Or heaven on heaven about some new born sun,
In its sublime same-soundedness, laughed out,
And cried not I ! I never rest like God !

Angela is Festus' first love, but she is in heaven, whither Lucifer promises, at some time or other, to transport Festus. Meanwhile, the latter amuses himself with Clara, with whom we find him in company in an Alcove or Garden. The lady seems to have no objection to religion—but much to its forms.

What to the faith are forms ? They are but like
A passing speck ; a crow upon the sky.

She likewise loves Festus' soul, and would save it. Festus answers that he loves Death.—

But Immortality, with finger spired,
Points to a distant, giant world ; and says,
There, there is my home ; live along with me !

Clara. Canst see that world ?

Festus. Just : a huge shadowy shape ;
It looks a disembodied orb : the ghost
Of some great sphere which God hath stricken dead :
Or like a world which God hath thought, not made.

Clara is much astonished at the magical power of her lover, but hopes that it comes from good hands. In the next scene, Festus wishes to part company from Lucifer—and does. They meet, however, again in a market place in a country town, and speculate on the mean employments in which men engage immortal energies. A funeral passes—it is of a maiden whom Festus himself had deserted. Festus moralises—Lucifer becomes sportive, and preaches a mock sermon to the crowd. Some images in this discourse are extraordinary ; *e. g.*

Fold your souls up neatly, while ye may ;
Direct to God in heaven ; or some one else
May seize them, seal them, send them—you know where.
Belike ye think your lives will dribble out,
As brooks in summer dry up. Let us see !
Try : dike them up : they stagnate—thicken—scum.
That would make life worse than death.

Leave off these airs :
Know your place ; speak to God ; and say, for once,
Go first, Lord ! Take your finger off your eye !
It blocks the universe and God from sight.
Think ye your souls are nothing worth to God ?
Are they so small ? What can be great with God ?
What will ye write against the Lord ? Yourselves !
Bring out your balance, get in, man by man :
Add earth, heaven, hell, the universe ; that is all.
God puts his finger in the other scale,
And up we bounce, a bubble.

Well might He say He cometh as a thief ;
 For he will break your bars, and burst your doors
 Which slammed against him once, and turn ye out
 Roofless and shivering beneath the doom-storm, heaven
 Shall crack above ye like a bell in fire,
 And bury all beneath its shining shards.

All are devils to themselves ;
 And every man his own great foe. Hell gets
 Only the gleanings : Earth hath the full wain ;
 And hell is merry at its harvest home.
 But ye are generous to sin, and grudge
 The gleaners nothing : ask them, push them in.
 Let not an ear, a grain of sin be lost ;
 Gather it, grind it up ; it is our bread.
 We should be ashamed to waste the gifts of God.

Thus proceeds his eccentric oration, until, at length, in his ranting vein, he is afraid that he may have frightened his listeners to their good. He therefore resolves to "rub them backwards like a cat," adding to Festus—

And you shall see them spit and sparkle up.
 Let us suppose a case, friends ! You are men ;
 And there is God ! and I will be the Devil.
 Very well. I am the Devil.

ONE says,

I think you are ;

You look as if you lived on *battered* thunder.

In the next speech, he so insults the crowd, that they rise into strife, which he calms by giving out a hymn concerning earth cheating earth—hell cursing hell—and heaven blessing heaven. The multitude disperse—Festus speculates on town and country, preferring the latter. Lucifer replies ramblingly—

It is time that something should be done for the poor.
 The sole equality on earth is death ;
 Now rich and poor are both dissatisfied.
 I am for judgment that will settle both.
 Nothing is to be done without destruction.
 Death is the universal salt of states ;
 Blood is the base of all things ; law and war.
 I could tame this lion age to follow me.
 I should like to macadamise the world ;
 The road to hell wants mending.

The next scene is called *an Hour's Ride*. We give the beginning.

Lucifer. Wilt ride ?

Festus. I will have an hour's ride.

Lucifer. Be mine the steeds ! be me the guide !

Come hither, come hither,

My brave black steed !

And thou, too, his fellow,

Hither with speed !

Though not so fleet

As the steeds of death,

Your feet are as sure,

Ye have longer breath.

Ye have drawn the world,
Without wind or bait,
Six thousand years,
And it waxeth late :
So take us this once,
And then ye shall home,
And rest ye, and feast ye.
They come ! they come !

Festus. Tossing their manes like
Pitchy surge ; and lashing
Their tails into a
Tempest ; their eyes flashing,
Like shooting thunder-bolts.

Lucifer. Come, know your masters, colts !
Up, and away !

And away they speed—to France—to Spain—to Italy—to Greece—to Switzerland—to Germany—to Austria—to Poland—to Russia—to Tartary—to China—to Hindostan—to Africa—to America—and back to England. Such is their hour's ride ; after which we find the tempter and the tempted at a village feast together—time, evening. Festus meets with a blind old man whom he had known, but who now knows him not. Certain loving couples advance, the last of whom are noticeable.

Woman. Now, do you love me ?

Man. Sure !

Woman. Then knock him down !

Man. Knock him, there ?

Woman. Yes, him there. You fell your man !
And now I am revenged. I love you now.
The wincing jade ! It is her I hate ; not him.
She feels it most.

Constable. I want you. Off with him !

Woman. O let him be ! Take me ! I made him do it !

Whereupon Lucifer sarcastically remarks, "Behold the happiness of which thou spakest." For Festus at first had remarked on the scene as follows :—

We will rest upon this bridge. I am tired.
Yon tall, slim tree ! does it not seem as made
For its place there ? A kind of natural May-pole.
Beyond, the lighted stalls stored with the good
Things of our childhood's world ; and behind them,
The shouting showman, and the clashing cymbal ;
The open-doored cottages and blazing hearths ;
The little ones running up with naked feet,
And cake in either hand, to their mothers' laps.
Old and young laughing ; schoolboys with their playthings ;
Clowns cracking jokes ; and lasses with sly eyes,
And the smile settling in their sun-flecked cheeks,
Like noon upon the mellow apricot,
Make up a scene I can, for once, give in to.
It must please all, the social and the selfish ;
The island-hearted, and the continent,
Are they not happy ?

But now the same Festus exclaims—"This is a snakelike world, and

always has its tail within its mouth, as if it ate itself and moral'd time." But he contents himself with reflecting that "it is wretchedness or recklessness alone keeps us alive. Were we happy we should die. We ought to die. Let earth's unhappy live! Yet what is death? I like to think on death"—and more of the same kind. This is followed by a ballad concerning a gipsy maid, which, from its originality, we should like to quote. A ballad further on seems political, and related to a certain maiden queen, who sits on the throne of a no very wise isle.

Once on a time there was a king,
The king of the Scilly isles, sir!
He ruled over many and over much,
More than a man a mile, sir.
None ever brake his ancient laws,
For they were free and fair, sir;
The rich gat gear, the poor gat knocks;
The sober only sat in stocks:
I think I see you there, sir.

His ministers made boast that they
Were Scillier than he, sir;
So they passed a law, with much success,
To make free people free, sir.
And next they dug the island square,
'Twas a triangle before, sir;
And they all cried out what fun 'twould be,
If they could but get to drain the sea,
And catch the fish ashore, sir.

This good king died, and then there came
A modest, wise young queen, sir;
So what's to become of the Scilly isles,
No wight, I fear, can ween, sir.
But let her only prove herself
The Scilliest in the land, sir;
And the Scilly poople, one and all,
Who are able or to stand or fall,
With her throne will fall or stand, sir.

Festus has conversation also with a student, a captain, and a parson, in which Lucifer joins. The scene ends with a fine descriptive soliloquy, in which there are some novel figures:—

Old people may say what they please—
The heart of age is like an emptied wine cup,
Its life lies in a heel-tap—how can they judge?

What are years to me?
Traitors! that vice-like fang the hand ye lick:
Ye fall like small birds beaten by a storm
Against a dead wall, dead. I pity ye.
O that such mean things should raise hope or fear!
Those Titans of the heart, that fight at heaven,
And sleep by fits on fire; whose slightest stir's
An earthquake.

The sphinx-like heart,
Consistent in its inconsistency,
Loathes life the moment that life's riddle is read:
The knot of our existence is untied,
And we lie loose and useless.

O it is great to feel we care for nothing !
 That hope, nor love, nor fear, nor aught of earth
 Can check the royal lavishment of life ;
 But like a streamer strewn upon the mind,
 We fling our souls to fate and to the future.
 And to die young is youth's divinest gift,
 To pass from one world fresh into another,
 Ere change hath lost the charm of soft regret,
 And feel the immortal impulse from within,
 Which makes the coming life cry alway, On !
 And follow it while strong is heaven's last mercy.
 The fire-fly only shines when on the wing ;
 So is it with the mind : when once we rest,
 We darken. On ! said God unto the soul,
 As to the earth, for ever. On it goes,
 A rejoicing native of the infinite—
 As is a bird of air—an orb of heaven.

The next scene is entitled—*Another and a Better World*. We are introduced to the planet Venus. Festus languishes, however, for earth ; but the Muse advances to comfort him—the speeches are here too long and too didactic. His first love, Angela, also greets him. So far Lucifer performs his promise. He then undertakes to shew him “ Heaven, and hell, and all the sights of space.”

The following scene presents us with a large party and entertainment, in which Festus has a flirtation with Helen, who is named the Queen of the Festal. Gay are the songs of youth, bright the eyes of ladies, graceful the dances of both. Among them is Lucifer, much to the annoyance of Festus. On the ladies retiring, the young men continue the revelry in unrestrained and wilder guise, until at length George, who has been named king of the Bachelors, demands—

How goes the enemy ?
Lucifer. What can he mean ?
Festus. He asks the hour ?
Lucifer. Aha ! then I
 Advise, if time thy foe hath been—
 Be quick ! shake hands, man, with eternity.

The party accordingly breaks up. We are next introduced to *A Church Yard Scene*—Festus and Lucifer beside a grave. It is short, and apparently introductory only of the scene in heaven which succeeds. We regret that here the poet has placed in the mouth of Deity the language of a Swedenborgian professor—

Suns are made up of atoms—heaven of souls ;
 And souls and suns are but the atoms of
 The body, I, God dwell in.

This is not the legitimate language of God, but of some materialist theorising on the nature of the universe and its parent. Daring to look on God, Festus would have died in the attempt, but that he finds protection, which he prays for, in the arms of his natal Genius, who informs him that his offence is the strain of all high spirits towards their source. The Genius then introduces Festus to his mother. Some things she says are fine—

All things that speak of heaven speak of peace :
 Peace hath more might than war : high brows are calm :
 Great thoughts are still as stars ; and truths, like suns,
 Stir not, but many systems tend around them.

For the rest, we have in this dialogue the articles of the author's creed, as set forth at the commencement of this paper. The scene thus concludes:—

Angel. God be with thee, child. [Goes.

Genius. Come!

Festus. I feel happier, better, nobler now.
 See where she sits, and smiles, and points me out
 To those who sit along with her. Who are
 The two?

Genius. One is the mother of mankind,
 And one the mother of the Man who saved
 Mankind ; and she, thine own, the mother of
 The last man of mankind—for thou art he.

Festus. Am I? It is enough : I have seen God.

The next scene—*Garden and Bower by the Sea*—introduces us to a new character, one Elissa, with whom Lucifer himself appears to have fallen in love. What wild fancy is this?—what meaning is couched under it? Lucifer, the star, looks lovingly down on the fair maid that looks up thereto? Is that it? “Night comes,” soliloquises Lucifer, “world-jewelled, as my bride should be—Immortal night! I love thee. Thou and I are of one seed—the eldest blood of God.” And then, some time after, sings to his lady-love:—

I am Lucifer, the star ;
 O think on me,
 As I lighten from afar,
 The heavens and thee!
 In town, or tower,
 Or this fair bower,
 O think on me!
 Though a wandering star,
 As the loveliest are,
 I love but thee.
 Lady, when I brightest beam,
 Love, look on me!
 I am not what I may seem
 To the world or thee ;
 But fain would love
 With thee above,
 Where thou wilt be,
 But if love be a dream,
 As the world doth deem,
 What is't to me?

To which Elissa replies:—

Could we but deem the stars had hearts, and loved,
 They would seem happier, holier, even than now.

And, bye and bye, she sings song for song to the star—a song of adoration—

O, ask me not to look and love,
 But bid me worship thee!

Whereat the fallen archangel grows visibly sad—"the ground of all great thoughts is sadness"—Elissa states the author's creed in the following sentiment:—

—Evil, now, which boweth Being down
As dew the grass, shall only fit all life
For fresher growth and for intenser day,
Where God shall dry all tears as the sun dew.

This lady, also, in her sleep dreams metaphysics, and on her waking talks of doomsday; thus:—

The world was one great grave. I looked and saw
Time on his two great wings—one, night—one, day—
Fly, moth-like, right into the flickering sun;
So that the sun went out, and they both perished!

But her vision is in the style of Jean Paul Richter, and almost worthy of him. This is a grand image:—

The star I told thee of
Looked like a moon—the moon became a sun;
The sun—there came a hand between the sun and us,
And its five fingers made five nights in the air.

This is regular Ethiopian poetry—such as we find in the pseudo *book of Enoch*. We know not what to say to the next:—

God tore the glory from the sun's broad brow,
And flung the flaming scalp off flat to hell.
I saw him do it; and it passed close by us.
And then I heard a long, cold, skeleton scream,
Like a trumpet whining through a catacomb,
Which made the sides of that great grave shake in.

Festus at length is introduced into this scene; and becomes, in a subsequent one, Lucifer's rival. But ere then they are found discoursing—in a scene denominated *Every where*. Festus admires the wonders of space, exclaiming:—

What are ye orbs?
The words of God? the scriptures of the skies?
For words with him cannot be passing, nor
Less real, vast, or glorious than yourselves.
The world is a great poem, and the worlds
The words it is writ in, and we souls the thoughts,
Ye cannot die.

Earth weeps—she is always weeping. Earth raves, in lyrical verse, of judgement and redemption. After some further conversation, Festus relates a dream he had to Lucifer—a sort of companion to the Lady Elissa's—beautiful as her's was terrible. Great part of it consists of an apostrophe to Orion. Whereupon Lucifer observes:—

God visits men a dreaming: I, awake.

Festus continues to relate a vision of doom; after which, in due time, they *exeunt*. Turn over the page and we find the same couple—in hell. Of this scene no description can suffice. It is a sabbath and a merry making, and the damned sing a bacchanal song. In reward for all the horrors we meet with, we are told, that,—

It is a fire of soul in which they burn,
And by which they are purified from sin—

Rid of the grossness which had gathered round them,
And burned again into their virgin brightness;
So that often the result of hell is heaven.

This is the poet's theory; and accordingly he introduces the Son of God on a mission of redemption, much to the annoyance of Lucifer, who raves in strange style enough. Altogether the exhibition is grotesque, and we fear, profane. Of all these things Festus tells the Lady Clara when next he meets her; and she very naturally bids him beware of magic.

Scene, a drawing room. And lo, Festus and Elissa are together. Festus is in love with Elissa. Lucifer, in the disguise of a singer, sings a song, and then, in *propria persona*, makes speeches. We pretend not to understand all this. Lucifer has his revenge—Elissa dies, Festus grieves.

A library. A summer night. Festus alone. The first five lines are striking:—

The last high upward slant of sun on the trees,
Like a dead soldier's sword upon his pall,
Seems to console earth for the glory gone.
O, I could weep to see the day die thus;
The death-bed of a day, how beautiful!

Novelty of imagery is evidently the aim of the poet. Pursuing the train of figure, he at length exclaims, how finely! "The day hath gone to God." He wishes to die himself, in which desire he rests; he tells us, "above the world and its ways; the wind, opinion—and the rainbow, beauty—and the thunder, superstition." At last, he calls for Lucifer to solve his doubts; and, among other things, informs him that—

Aught that I can or do love, shoots by me,
Like a train upon an iron road.

He narrates, too, the friendships and pleasures of his boyhood,—running, swimming, sporting, musing,—

And oft at night,
Bewildered and bewitched by favorite stars,
We would breathe ourselves amid unfooted snows,
For there is poetry where aught is pure.

We give the author credit for this line, and, notwithstanding the equivocal character of his heroes, recognise them as symbols of the Purity of the Ideal. As such we must take them as yet unembodied. The proper incarnation of the ideal is yet to be attained by him. He tells us in his dedication, that he is yet very young, and that "Life is at blood-heat every page doth prove." This the style of figure in the book all through abundantly shews.

Festus now demands from Lucifer the throne of Earth. It is granted; but with the understanding that the world therewith must end. And the world therewith does end. There is a gathering of kings and people. Lucifer is premier to king Festus. He has in charge to settle all affairs with the nations. He accordingly addresses them, and by way of conclusion, commands them to "greet their Lord, and go—Depart ye nations!" Thereupon follows the death-groan of the sons of men. "All around them die—The earth is one great death-bed." Clara

alone flies to Festus. She dies in his arms. Lucifer goes, and leaves Festus to die alone. He raves :—

The great round world
Hath wasted to a column beneath my feet.
I will hurl me off it, then ; and search the depth
Of space in this one infinite plunge ! Farewell
To earth, and heaven, and God ! Doom, spread thy lap !
I come ! I come !

God.

Forbear !

Festus.

I am God's !

God.

Then, die !

Then ensues the last scene, the Heaven of Heavens. *All* are saved, and Festus attains a sort of Mahomet's paradise—meeting there all his loved ones.

Lucifer. I leave thee, Festus. Here thou wilt be happy.
To be in heaven is to love for ever
God—and thou must love here. Here thou wilt find
All that thou canst and ought'st to love, for souls,
Re-made of God, and moulded over again
Into his sun-like emblems, multiply
His might and love. The saved are suns, not earths ;
And with original glory shine of God.
While I shall keep on deepening in my darkness,
With not one gleam across the gloom of being.

Festus. Let us part, spirit ! It may be, in the coming,
That as we sometime were worth God's making,
We may be worth forgiving, taking back
Into his bosom, pure again—and then,
All shall be one with Him, who is one in all.

Lucifer. It must be, then, that I should die. Farewell.
Forgive me that I tempted thee !

Festus. I am glad ! [*Lucifer goes.*]

Festus is a poem of large pretensions ; but is it a great poem ? Surely, it is not a little poem.—It is a long one. Alas ! too long !

Too long, not only absolutely—but relatively. For instance : the opening scene, after Job and Göthe's *Faust*, which is in heaven, presents us with Seraphim and Cherubim hymning the present God. But, instead of the short songs as exemplified by Göthe, the poet of Festus introduces regular odes—lyrics of more than forty lines. Many, too, of the scenes are of unconscionable length.

It detracts from the novelty of this poem, though not from its originality, that, on the first opening of the book, it looks like a plagiarism from the *FAUST*—though we soon perceive in the reading, that it has very little in common with its predecessor, save in its apparent form, and some occasional imitation. Festus is almost altogether subjective ; whereas *Faust* is objective throughout.

Not a little remarkable, and greatly deserving of remark, is the present tendency of the poetical mind. A few years ago, when sacred poems began to be written, there was considerable doubt as to the propriety of selecting such arguments at all, and the excellence with which they were treated went for little in the estimation of ordinary judges. We speak not of works of equivocal piety, such as Lord Byron's *Cain*, and *Heaven and Earth* ; but of such as *The Descent into Hell*, and *The Judgement*

of the *Flood*, where the general orthodox view was acknowledged, and the audacity in the choice of the subject only objected to. Now, however, most poetry is of this character—and what is not, is of no mark and likelihood. It would, therefore, seem that a New Cycle had commenced—that a new spirit was abroad, making use of all manner of symbols, all fashion of types, to express some new religious idea, with which the soul of the world is travelling. We are believers in the providential conduct of all such manifestations, and that they are significant of the Divine Government, and testify to its ruling presence. How singular, for instance, the fact, that at the time when the labouring population were possessed with an instinct for Chartism, that there should be a man of genius and property employed, all apart from the world, and in the solitude of legal chambers, on an epic poem, illustrating its principle, accounting for their rise, and prefiguring their results. There is more in such things than is dreamed of in our philosophy. There is an influence in the mental and moral atmosphere, neither to be disputed nor disregarded, when such coincidences occur—and the man who scorns or neglects such is dull both in feeling and understanding. Argument is vain with the stony-hearted and wooden-headed; and these are of them. We expect intelligence in our readers, and to the intelligent we address ourselves. We say, then, that the tendency of the poetic mind, in regard both to politics and religion, is to be made much of. Look, then, at the poem before us—*Festus* aims at the infinite, and, by enlarging the boundaries of the Christian creed, apparently runs over the limits which separate it from other forms of faith. It is an universalism that overshoots conventionalism—nay, the law of morals altogether, whether written on tables of stone or on the fleshy tables of the heart; nevertheless, it is self-imprisoned within the fold of pantheism—so that its enlargement after all is but a speculative enlargement—an intellectual one, and therefore spurious. The theory is extended, but the practice is narrowed. It is only negatively larger—not positively. The immoral, though ultimately salvable, contracts the human being to a point. Our author's system is latitudinarianism without syncretism*—an indifference to custom and opinion, which if practically operated would break down the wall of partition between virtue and vice.

But we correct ourselves. Such cannot be the poet's meaning—the meaning of such a poet. O no! Theorist as he is, with nothing are we more impressed on the whole than with the sacred character of his poem. It is our impurity that charges impurity on such a writer. With the exception of one scene, there is no necessity to suppose that the incidents of the piece are to be sensuously interpreted at all. Let *Festus'* several loves be all of a spiritual kind—let them represent the communion of mind with mind—of soul with soul—though of either sex—or, higher and more spiritual still, let this communion itself be interpre-

* Notwithstanding our disclaimer of the articles on Syncretism, by Alerist, in this magazine, some *ultra* papers of recent establishment will charge them upon us—the Editor. The old newspapers know better. The Syncretist is a man of a wide theological research, whose benevolence of spirit strongly desires that the enlarged views which he has gained from his reading may be practically worked out—in due subordination, however, to Conservative interests. He loves man much; but truth more.—ED.

ted of the eternal intercourse that subsists between the masculine and feminine principles in every human being—every man and every woman. This was a favourite notion of Göthe's. He terminates the entire *Faust* with it, and to the feminine ascribes all that conduces to the progression of the individual and the species. This is a high philosophical truth. The feminine principle is particularly active in every creative mind—every man of genius—the poet or the artist. Love is the *primum mobile* of philosophy, contemplated as wisdom. Love is generative, productive—Wisdom is the female image of it—the Eve of the unfallen Adam! Without such philosophy, thus inclusive of love and wisdom, there is no poetry, which is none other than the beauty that is born to love and wisdom. And beauty is the poet's soul. Even as a woman looketh into a glass to peruse the charms of her own countenance; so the poet anxiously searches into nature, that therein, as in a mirror, he may behold that beauty which none can behold in the things without them, save those who possess it already within them. This is the ground of that feminine vanity which is remarked in poets—a sentiment not so called, where the highest genius is acknowledged (or not imputed as a weakness), yet subject to ridicule in the poetaster whose natural instincts are not justified by intelligent power.

A poem that should symbolise the play of these twin-principles with equal taste and genius, would be one amongst the greatest—if not it.

Coleridge has well proved that the age we have passed through has been that of speculation. The intellect has had its saturnalia. The spirit of the times is its product. It becomes all the more necessary that he who can, should seek to elevate it into the sphere of spiritual practicalism. Breadth, rather than depth or height, has been the acquisition of the age just passing. It has extended its dominions circularly in width and circumference; but it has neither delved nor soared. It must now do both. The lofty and the profound must now become the common. Intelligence is now only not universal. If it is to be moralised—if it is to be divinised—and each is necessary before it can operate otherwise than mischievously—it must be, throughout *all* ranks of society—both raised and deepened. The further elevation of the apex, and lower rooting of the foundation, must be equally secured; else, with its enlarged base, we shall have but a squabby pyramid.

GOING THE WHOLE HOG,

A SCENE IN A BACKWOODS' COURT ROOM.

ON a rude platform somewhat elevated above the level of the floor of the room were three judges—the district judge, and his two associates. A deal plank was placed in front of them which served the president to take notes upon, and for other purposes as presently will appear. The *trio* were seated upon wooden-backed and wooden-bottomed chairs. The president, who was dressed in a suit of rusty black, was leaning his crossed arms upon a sheet of paper placed upon the plank in front of him, and apparently about

to attend to the business of the court. The associate on the president's left had turned the back of his chair *inwards*—that is towards the president,—not out of any disrespect for his superior, but in order to enable him to rest his right elbow upon the said plank, and his head upon his hand, preparatory to his taking a nap, for it was the afternoon of a hot day in the month of August. The door and windows were open, but it seemed he felt oppressed with the heat, for he had put aside his coatee and neckcloth; and notwithstanding he had taken the precaution to swallow an extra “drink” of whiskey, in order to facilitate the digestion of the salt-pork and beans, and a couple of slices of cold pumpkin-pie that he had had for dinner,—still he felt less comfortable than he could have wished, and had, therefore, resolved to seek happiness in a state of obliviousness. On the president's right was seated a long, lean, lanky man of seventy, dressed in a dingy suit of hemlock-brown, of regular home-spun. His unmentionables were immensely wide—particularly towards the bottom, and at least a foot too short; while his feet, which appeared somewhat over measure, were cased in a pair of *bootees*—that might have been black originally, but which, by a few months' constant wear in the hot sun, very much resembled his nether garment in colour and texture. His thin calfless legs were covered with stockings manufactured from the natural wool of a blacky-brown sheep of his own flock, and at the time protruded nearly half a yard in front of the plank before mentioned, upon which he had placed them; for he was balancing himself on the hind legs of his chair, in the usual luxuriating Yankee style,—while his grizzled head was supported against the greasy wall behind him.

In front of the bench there were six or eight lawyers seated around a common deal table, to the top of which most of their feet were elevated, and placed “quite promiscuously” among a few bethumbed and soiled law-books. While in the centre of the table stood a large white pitcher containing water from a well on the village green. Behind the form on which sat “the members of the bar,” a temporary railing had been put up; and standing or lounging about the room there might be thirty or forty persons collected to witness the proceedings of the court. It ought to be mentioned, that on one side of the platform upon which “their honours” sat, were twelve persons ranged on a long low seat; and these, as I afterwards learned, were the gentlemen of the jury. Nearly all the spectators were without coats, and a few without waistcoats too; while several of the lawyers had found it convenient to lay aside their coats and cravats.

Previous to my entering the court-room I had been informed, that an interesting trial was about to come on;—a backwoods' farmer, distiller, and militia major, was to be tried for stealing a hog. The trial I found had just commenced, and one of the lawyers was cross-examining a witness when I entered; but I saw no one that I could make out as the prisoner. I asked the man that happened to be standing the nearest to me, where the prisoner was? when, after staring at me for a few seconds, he answered,—“If so be as you mean the major, I guess you may see him there within the bar, sitting

along by Squire (lawyer) Screws, who is engaged in conducting the business for him." My attention of course was called towards the major, but instead of the stout, strapping backwoods-man I had pictured him in my own imagination, I beheld a small thin man of nearly sixty. He wore neither coat nor waistcoat; his only covering being a coarse tow-cloth shirt, with a pair of trowsers of the same material. While I was in the act of scrutinizing the major he rose from his seat, and seizing the water-pitcher across two or three pair of legs, proceeded to quench his thirst,—and having done so, he sat down with the greatest composure imaginable. Lawyer Screws was half-standing, half-sitting, for he was resting a certain part of his person on a thick greasy volume, that happened to be conveniently placed near the edge of the table behind him. Though the major appeared much at his ease, I observed him give an occasional jerk at the bombazine trowsers of his law-man,—but when he did so, instead of being at the trouble of altering his own position, he compelled the *learned* gentleman to bend down his ear in order to catch some new hint bearing upon the evidence. The said gentleman was proceeding thus:—"Now, mind, Mr. Sweeny,—recollect that you are upon your oath: now, will you take upon you to swear, that the hog the major butchered did ever, at any particular time, belong to you, or was bona fide, your property?" "I appeal to the court," exclaimed the witness, who was standing near the States' Attorney, "to know if that there be a regular proper question:" The court having decided that it was, the witness addressed himself to the lawyer that happened to be nearest the water jug,— "I say, Mister, if you'll jast hand me that there pitcher I'll take a drink, and then answer the man's question." Having got possession of what he wanted he took a long draught of the water, the more I imagined for the purpose of gaining time to concoct an answer, than for the avowed purpose of quenching his thirst. Having returned the jug to the said learned gentleman, (without the ceremony of thanking him); and having cleared his throat with two or three preparatory "hems," spitting upon the floor as often, he proceeded to deliver himself of the following reply:—"Why now, I calculate that it would be considerably unnatural for one gentleman to insinuate any thing against another of this here unbusiness-like sort of speculation,—unless he had gotten a manifest clear and comprehensive idea of the general facts of the 'hol upshot of the business. Now, I declare! I be ready to make my qualification in as much that Major Snodgrass is as real a nice gentleman as there's in th 'hol town (township) of Grindstonville; but somehow he's a trifle too slick minded for being downright straightforward regular in his calculations. Be it far from me to hazzard a syllable that might injure the Major's reputation,—but in the matter, and as regarding the circumstances of the disappearing of that there hog which we shall presently prove, the Major did slay and butcher about the end of the beech-nut season,—I feel morally certified, that that must have been an unqualified mistake. I affirmed to the 'hol of the facts of the case before Squire Meekem; and I here asservate to the 'hol state of the question aforesaid—with

this single exception,—that I am not *now* so indubitably confirmed upon this point, namely—whether or not the said hog had been *altered*, or was an entire and natural-born creature.” Mr. Sweeny then took his seat by the side of his man-of-law; and his son, a sal-low complexioned youth of about fifteen, came forward to testify to the main points of the case. The States’ Attorney proceeded to examine him as follows:—“You are Mr. Sweeny, junr. of Grindstonville?” “I guess I be so.” “You recollect losing a clever-looking hog last fall Mr. Sweeny?” “I calculate I do considerable well.” “Be so good, Mr. Sweeny as to tell the court all that you know about the matter.” “I guess I will if you’ll hand me that pitcher first.” The States’ Attorney having accommodated the young republican with the water-jug—he proceeded as follows:—“To begin right up at the beginning then, father turned out three hogs into the woods about service-berry time. There would have been nine instead of three, but five died during the hard frost in March. Mother said it was that the creatures fretted about something to eat; but father was cross, and vowed it was no such thing; it was plain enough, he said, that it was the snow-fever;—that it had often carried off his hogs towards spring when he lived on Bear-creek in the Vermont-mountains. The other one we were obligated to butcher, because it had gotten the rheumatics in its jaws and all its joints, as the feed was all cleaned out, and there being considerable little pork left in our pork-barrel. Now I guess it is particular clear that *three* hogs of our’n were turned into the woods, and that be mighty nigh all that I knows about the matter; excepting the affidavits I qualified to before Squire Meekam, at the time the major was put upon the limits.” He was next cross-examined by the major’s lawyer. “I say, Mr. Sweeny, can you explain the meaning of an oath, as taken before a court of justice?” The youth, grinning a laugh, replied, “Why Mr. (I forget your name) methinks that I should understand something of that there sort of oath you were mentioning, pretty considerable well; for ever since father came to live in this here town, I expect we have had a cause or two every court-time;—hav’nt you often seen me here before Mr.?” “I calculate I have,” said he of the law, but that has nothing to do with the question put: do you know the orthodox meaning of a court-house oath?” “Why, now I recollect,” replied young Sweeny, “that you be the man father employed last fall, in that little matter concerning our borrowing the miller’s rooster (game-cock) without telling him about it; when, don’t you remember, you told me how as if the court asked me about the meaning of an oath, that I should say that it meant—a chance of being eternally *darned* (d—d) if we do’nt declare the ’hol grammatical truth out-and-out. Now I calculate you were a *little* above the mark there, Mr.,—for brother Allright, the Universal minister, has been down to preach in our settlement since then, and father and the folks all goes to hear him expound,—and he comforts them, and says there no such thing as being eternally *darned*,—and that we shall all be comfortable in the next world; no matter what Deacon Jones and Elder Duckem may tell the folks to the con-

trary. Now brother Allright's notion on the matter—as father told me, was nearly this, that a court-house oath means the slickest way of stating the matter to make it appear all quite natural; but at the same time edging off from telling an untruth that's a downright screamer." By the time young Sweeny had concluded his somewhat curious explanation of an oath, the left-hand associate judge had got into a sound sleep, and was snoring rather audibly; but the old tall Yankee to the right was "wide awake" to what was passing, for he had lately seceded from the Baptist Church, and had adopted the more comfortable creed of the Universalists; so that when he heard young Sweeny finish his explanation of an oath, he leaned his head forward from its recent position against the wall, and gave the young hopeful an approving look and a very significant nod. After a short silence the examiner said to the witness,—“You stated to the court that *three* hogs were turned into the woods in the fall,—will you, Mr. Sweeny, state how many returned before winter?” “Why, as for that, I ca'n't say that I see exactly what you be driving at; but if it please the court I will be qualified thus far respecting the business,—that at the present time father has not an ounce of pork left in the pork-barrel, which must be considerable plain proof, I guess, that there could not have been *three* hogs put into that there barrel any time about new-year's.”—After a few further interrogatories from Sweeny's lawyer, the youngster was told that he might sit down; when he placed himself in a prominent seat *within* the bar, with all the assurance imaginable. All eyes for the present were turned towards the promising youth; while there was a constant bandying of the remark among the loungers and lookers-on, of “what a smart young man Mr. Sweeny was.”

Messrs. Sweeny's lawyer next proceeded to address the court in a speech that had neither head nor tail; and when he had concluded an hour's harangue, the major proceeded to call two or three witnesses,—who, as upon many similar occasions, had very different tales to tell than those already told by the opposite party.

The first witness called was Squire Noolens, an inhabitant of the same township as the major and Mr. Sweeny; and though vague report stated that he had *once* been a magistrate (and hence styled “Squire” to the end of time) in some out-of-the way settlement in the rear of the New-England States,—it was quite evident that if he had ever possessed qualifications for the magisterial office, that when he removed westward they had not accompanied him. The “Squire” was a small simpering personage, somewhere about fifty, with a thin sharp nose, and a pair of twinkling gray eyes overshadowed by remarkably shaggy eye-brows. When he spoke, which he was very fond of doing, there was a peculiar wheezing in his voice, as if the tail of a young racoon were sticking in his windpipe. Having undergone the necessary process of cramming, by the major and his lawyer,—and having been duly sworn, his examination was begun. “Squire Noolens,—do you recollect the 23d of October last?” “I calculatethat I do, right cleverly.” “Very well! where were you on that same day, Squire Noolens?”

"I guess I be'ed in the woods adjoining Mr. Sweeny's new fallow, a fixing (preparing) a pair of runners for my ox-sled." "Be so good, Squire, as to state to the honourable court what occurred in any way bearing upon this here cause now pending." The squire, with no little circumlocution, proceeded to state,—that while he was exploring the woods in order to meet with a suitable stick of timber for his purpose,—that his attention was drawn to the squeaking of a hog in distress, in a ravine at some distance from him;—that when he, some time afterwards, proceeded to the place in order to examine a little into the matter, he discovered that a bear had been dining on one of Mr. Sweeny's hogs; for on examining the two ears he found them marked with the precise "slits" which neighbour Sweeny always adopted in marking his hogs. He moreover said that he observed *two* of Mr. Sweeny's hogs "hurry-scurrying" past him about the time he heard the squealing in the ravine. He was then cross-examined by Mr. Sweeny's lawyer. "Pray, Squire Noolens, what led you into that particular locality you have just mentioned? Was it not for the express purpose of filching a stick of Mr. Sweeny's timber?" The squire was evidently not a little puzzled,—he was all capsised by this side-wind; and he hemmed and wheezed for some time before he ventured upon the following explanation. He commenced with—"I guess it to be no secret, that Mr. Sweeny is pretty considerable often in little matters of law. Now he knows it that I have done little notions (trifles) for him in this here way, and never charged him more than fifty cents for what a regular-admitted lawyer would have charged him near upon two dollars; and knowing there was a little balance of twenty-five cents coming to me, after the rye and the potatoes had been accounted for, I calculated it would be treating neighbour Sweeny more handsomely if I took a stick of timber for the balance, than if I sued him before Squire Meeken, and put him to the costs of an action. I am ready to be qualified that I gave Mr. Sweeny credit for the little balance in my books; and I'll put it to the court if it war'nt a fair and legitimate way of settling the business between us." A general buzz of applause followed the squire's explanation; and no other question of much moment being put to him, he nestled himself into his former seat, smirking and twinkling his little gray eyes; at the same time giving a significant nod to the major, who sat at a short distance from him.

The next witness called in the defence was Captain Woodchuck, who had been in the habit of 'exchanging work' with Mr. Sweeny, that is, Mr. Sweeny working for the captain one day, and the captain working for Mr. Sweeny in return, which is a common practice in the Backwoods. The captain had been properly *crammed*; and being naturally a rather smart fellow, there was little danger of his breaking down. "Well, Captain Woodchuck," interrogated the lawyer, "do you regularly remember having any dealings with Mr. Sweeny about the 25th of October last?" "I calculate as how I had considerable." "Does the captain recollect having had any tradings in hogs about the period aforesaid?" "Why, yes, I have a pretty bright recollection of two." "State before the court what

these *two* tradings were." The captain gave the examiner a consenting nod; and having slaked his thirst at the water-pitcher, and cleared his throat in the usual way, he continued thus:—"One morning, neighbour Sweeny came over to my place to help me along with a piece of chopping; I guess it were near the latter end of October. During the day he spoke of his hogs which he had turned out into the woods a few days before; and I recollect his saying, they were looking quite clever; and there being plenty of beech-nuts, he said that he expected they would weigh snug upon two hundred apiece. He also told me that Col. Messich was owing him a lot of whiskey for the rye he had of him, but since he (Sweeny) had become a member of the Temperance Society, he had seen the colonel, who was a real right-up clever sort of man, who had agreed to give him four hundred of pork instead of the whiskey; so that he had some thoughts of parting with his own *three* hogs that were in the woods a beech-nutting. After a lengthy talk about this trading, I bargained for the three hogs, for which I was to give him four bushels of seed-wheat, a hive of bees, and three-and-a-half dollars in money. Now that there individual sum of money was what neighbour Sweeny had been owing me for some months (he borrowed it to pay law-expenses last court-time), so he said if I would send him the wheat and the bees we should be quits, barring a trifle of interest that might be coming to me, which I calculated seemed all clever enough. A day or two afterwards I went to Mr. Sweeny's to help him with a piece of logging, when I remember, quite bright, he asked me if I had seen anything of *my* hogs? (meaning the same he had traded to me.) I said I guessed I had not. 'But I have,' says he, 'and I can tell you, Captain, they are gaining uncommon.' During the day he managed, and pretty slick, I swow! to bring on the hog-business again. He said he felt sorry that he had parted with the 'hol lot of them there hogs, and asked me if I had any objections to sell him back one on 'em? (this was the day after he found out the bear had killed one,) and I said I had no regular particular objection, provided we could agree about the price. He then said that he would give me three-and-a-half dollars for the *altered* one, (the same that had been killed as I learnt afterwards,) which was grammatically the sum he had been owing me before. I told him it was a bargain; and before I went hom' he gave me his acknowledgment all regular. Soon after I went and hunted up my hogs, when I could find but two instead of three; and as they were looking a kind of penfeathered, I took them into my buck-wheat lot and went after the missing one. About this time Major Snodgrass butchered a hog, and a rumour got afloat that he had made a slight mistake, and 'had got the wrong pig by the ear.' My third hog I never could come across on anyhow, and I told Mr. Sweeny that there was a little of something complex in the affair anyhow. He said that he should waste no time in seeking the missing hog, which was his property by law, but he guessed he should make *somebody* give a proper account of it. I kept the two hogs till new-year, and butchered them; and then I applied to Mr. Sweeny for the three-and-a-half dollars, when he said he guessed I had better

apply to the man that lived down by the saw-mill, (meaning the major there,) as he would be better qualified to settle the matter, and could give a more regular account of the missing hog. So I goes hom' and sends over the hive of bees and half a bushel of wheat, (keeping back three and a half bushels in lieu of the money—wheat being worth a dollar a bushel,) and the next day Mr. Sweeny sued me before Squire Triggs of Snagsville, in order to make costs; but the squire being a pretty clear-sighted man, and a man who is not so particular fond of seeing right wronged, gave judgment for no cause of action, so Mr. Sweeny was non-suited and had to pay the costs. On our way hom' from the squire's, Mr. Sweeny says to me—for he is a particular warm-tempered man—"I know who had the hog we've been at sniggers about, and I'll see that he pays for it pretty remarkable dear." I asked him if he meant the major, because I knew that they were not particular eternal good friends since the fire from neighbour Sweeny's fallow overran the major's back-pasture lot, and burnt up eighty rods of seven-rail fence; but, says he, in rather a sneering sort of way, 'we shall know more about it, Captain Woodchuck, next court-week.' Now this, I guess, is about all connected with this here affair that I can particularly undertake to obligate my memory upon. Mr. Sweeny, I calculate, has been a little too quick-thoughted for his own absolute benefit, but that is his look-out and not mine."

When Captain Woodchuck had got through his long story about himself and his neighbour Sweeny, he seated himself, uninvited, by the side of the States' Attorney, when a pause of some length followed. After some time the major's lawyer broke silence by observing, that he had one more witness to call, and then he would leave his client's case in the hands of the court and jury. Mr. David Drinkwater was then called upon to stand forward, and having been sworn, was interrogated as follows:—"Pray, Mr. Drinkwater, where were you on the 25th of October?" "I guess the gentleman alludes to the early part of that day, and if so be that I am historically correct in my calculations, I will observe, first, that I was in the woods on the backside of Squire Noolen's farm; and, second, that I was concealed in a mess of young hemlock brush (bushes) awatching the deer a coming to the saltlick: I have shot down over a dozen at that there place since I came to live in the town of Grindstonville." "Did you see or hear any person or persons while you remained snug in the hemlock brush?" "Yes, I guess there were three persons a coming along the deer-path. When they got just nigh by to where I was a lying on the watch, I saw that the oldest on'em was Mr. Sweeny. When he got to the end of an old pine log, just beyond where I lay, he seated himself and made a motion with his hand for the other two to do the same." "And who were the other two, Mr. Drinkwater? Did you recognise them?" "I calculated I did, clear and unpremeditatedly: the younger on'em was his own boy (son) Sam'l, and the other Ebenezer Streaket, the down-creek school-teacher." "Be so good as relate what you saw or heard." "Well, when they were all quietly seated upon the log, old Mr. Sweeny looked a kind of knowing-like, and said,"—(here the wit-

ness stopped suddenly to enquire of the lawyer if *all* that he might say in explaining these matters would be considered as upon oath, and having been answered affirmatively, he remarked, that he should be nation particular what he said.) "Now boys," said the old one, when we get to the squire's you must lay it on the old major pretty slick and thick. I know the squire fancies himself the 'cutest man in the settlement; and though he does not care two corn-cobs what becomes of the major in the long-run, yet, as he be a trying to get run in for a county commissioner, he cannot very well dispense with the major's electioneering until after the election time. So my boys, you see, in order to wind up the 'hol of the sneck-snarled circumstances snug and slick on our own spindle, we must not be over particular as to the simplicity of the matter; in fact, we have now got so far that we must for'ard any how. Now, Mr. Streakit, you know what you're about, I reckon; and you know what 'ill be what, if so be as we kennel the old major. Now listen,—I'll tell what you should know before the squire, and I expect you're bright scholar enough to get a short lesson by heart at once hearing. The major butchered a hog about the 28th of October that had a couple of under-slits in the right ear, and an upper slit in the left, which you know is the way I mark my hogs. That one day when you were boarding your school-spell at the major's, you remarked that it was considerable sweet nice pork you were eating, but rather spare-like; upon which the major replied unpremeditatedly, 'that stolen things are sweet,' as Amos Snubbins said when he bussed his grandmother in the dark and thought it had been Polly Prudence his sweetheart; and that when you asked him if he alluded to the pork, he winked his left eye and said, 'Dead hogs never tell no secrets.' And you, Sam'l, my son, mind that you look straight a-head, and make affidavit, that you was in the woods a-looking for chestnuts, on or about the 26th day of October, that you saw the major and his oldest boy dragging a hog along down by the creek towards his saw-mill, and that from its size and colour you are bodily confirmed in your belief, that it was one of the three hogs we turned into the woods. And mind boys, both on ye, that whenever you do not see clear through the business, just give me a 'what's-next look,' and if I dont finally make out the balance of the matter, why my name's no longer Ichabod Sweeny. So now we'll go a-head to the squire's, in order to give him time to hear our allegations, and afterwards to make out a States' Warrant, which I will take to Constable Whops; and if he's about hom' there will be plenty of time for him to pop it on the old major before sun-down.' When Mr. Sweeny had got thus far, the others jumped up and said, We be ready, we know quite enough to 'limit' the major; so off they all went, and I guess I see'd no more on 'em." Mr. Drinkwater having said all he wished, and quite enough as he supposed to clear the major, was seating himself very composedly, when Mr. Sweeny's lawyer begged to ask him a question or two. "Pray, Mr. Drinkwater, what might be the distance between the spot where Mr. Sweeny was sitting on the log and your lurking-place, that you heard the whole so distinctly?" "One rod, five feet, seven inches and a half," replied

the witness exultingly ; which, in English measure, is twenty-one feet and an eighth of a foot. Here the old associate judge shook his head at Drinkwater, and the president apparently made a memorandum upon the sheet of paper before him. "Well, and pray what prevented the party from seeing you, if you were so near them?" asked the cross-questioner. "I say, Mr., can you tell me, what prevented Saul from seeing David when he cut off the skirts of his garment?" The lawyer asserted that this was not a direct answer to his question, so Drinkwater appealed to the court, which decided that it 'was direct and to the point,' when a long and general buzz of applause followed. The lawyer then proceeded: "I expect, Mr. Drinkwater, you are the major's downright particular friend; will you take upon you to swear, that should the major be acquitted that you are neither in expectation of, nor already in the possession of, some fee or reward?" Here the court interfered, and told the witness that he need not answer *that*, nor any other question of a personal nature; but he begged that he might be allowed to answer it, 'for particular reasons,' and a short consultation having taken place between the two judges who were *awake*, he was allowed to proceed. "I am free to confess," said Drinkwater, "that at one individual period of this business, the major offered to send me up a barrel of whiskey from his distillery, when he got out of this here affair, if I would promise to tell all I knew about the matter, and expose the insinuations of neighbour Sweeny, his boy, and Streakit the school-teacher. But I told him that I guessed he was a-trying to insult my feelings, seeing as how I was secretary of the Grindstonville Temperance Society; but at the same time I told him that I would bring him off, royal quick, on one condition, namely, that afore his trial came on he should sign the *Temperance Pledge*; which, after a tarnation deal of chaffering, he finally consented to do; and here I have got his name, the last on the pledge, for all as cares to examine it. I expect it might be just as convenient to mention, that should Mr. Sweeny set about fitting up a distillery after the major has shut his'n up, the major reserves the qualification of opening his'n again, which I agreed to on the part of the Society, for it is quite unnatural hard to witness our worst enemies growing wealthy on what might have been ours." David Drinkwater having explained to his own satisfaction, more than to the major's, how matters stood between them, the examination of witnesses closed.

The States' Attorney then proceeded to make the following remarks, as prosecutor in this cause, I shall not attempt to follow him through the various intricacies of a "lengthy" harangue, which was addressed more to the feelings of the jury, than to the evidence of the case, the law, and the facts. He was peculiarly eloquent in referring to the high respectability of the accused, with whom he said he had been intimately acquainted for many years. His reasoning was something of this nature, but his style and manner I can neither imitate nor describe accurately. He commenced nearly in this way. "Often has it been my painful duty,—a duty which nothing short of the love I bear, and the obligations I owe to my native and beloved country, should ever have imposed upon

me,—to solicit at the bar of even-handed justice an infliction of penalties, and of condign punishment, commensurate with the offended majesty of those righteous and equal laws, by which the favoured citizens of this great, powerful, free, and independent nation have agreed and submitted to be ruled and governed. Theft, in every possible shape and bearing, is one of the worst and meanest of vices; but where *two* great moral, and national I may say, principles are involved, as in the case before this honourable court, and so respectable a jury,—I cannot find epithets sufficiently degrading and soul-subduing to apply to the individual who could be guilty of so monstrous a crime. The fellow who steals a horse—though, probably, a lazy rogue and vagabond,—possesses, it is very clear, a certain ambition to rise in the world, and to leave behind him his humbler walk of life; while he who is tempted to steal an ox or a sheep commits the theft for the sake of the leather and the wool—and consequently supplies himself with shoes and woollen clothing, both highly necessary during our long and severe winter, and *not* for the sake of gratifying a hungry stomach (a god which few of us Americans worship),—for beef and mutton, I am rejoiced to say, never instigate the moral American to the breaking of the law. But alas! it must be admitted, that the temptation is too powerful when *pork* falls in the way of an easy-principled citizen. The passion for pork is national! and I rejoice that it is so—because it demonstrates, beyond all doubt, the superlatively-refined taste of our people. In consequence of this admitted noble partiality, our sages and legislators have found it necessary to make those laws bearing upon it terrifically severe. Therefore, he who steals a hog, under any circumstances, is guilty of an offence of a most heinous character; but when one neighbour steals another neighbour's hog, why another great and vital moral principle is forfeited, namely,—the duty we all owe to our neighbour, as recorded in that book from which there is no appeal."

It would be vain to attempt to follow the learned gentleman through all the changes he was pleased to ring upon the atrocity of that crime whereof his acquaintance, the major, had been accused; and he wound up his remarks more strangely than ingeniously—by insinuating that the evidence was of such a nature, "that hardly a shadow of suspicion could attach to the gentleman's reputation and character." The judges seemed of the same opinion; for when the president summed up the evidence in the half-dozen sentences he had taken the trouble to commit to paper, he told the jury that he entertained precisely the same views that the States' Attorney had so forcibly elucidated and explained; wherefore, he did not consider it necessary to press upon their attention any remarks of his own. It was clear to him, he said, that Mr. Sweeny had lost a hog, and whether it had been taken by Major Snodgrass, which *he did not* believe,—or by a black bear which *he did* believe,—still the loss was precisely of the same extent to Mr. Sweeny. There had, he admitted, been considerable powerful swearing on both sides; but it was clear to him, and he presumed it would be obvious to the jury, that there was a large balance in the

major's favour. He then said that he would not detain them longer; and he begged to suggest, that they should be as smart as possible in giving in their verdict, as the gonging case had yet to come on, and it was already half-past four o'clock, and consequently wanted but two hours to supper-time.

Without leaving their seats the jury returned a verdict of *not guilty*; whereupon the major got upon his legs, shook hands with the States' Attorney and president judge; and without waiting for any formal dismissal, invited all his friends and witnesses to accompany him down to Colonel Longbore's tavern to take some "bitters;" in the excitement of the moment totally forgetting his agreement with David Drinkwater, and his having put his name to the Temperance pledge.

TO THE SORCERER MEMORY.

GREAT Magician! Wizard dread!

I implore thy aid for me;

Call me up the lost, the Dead!

Let my charmed vision see,

Beings of eternity,

Who from life and me have fled,

Yet continue still *to be*!

Bring before my longing sight,

Those who have escap'd away

From our gross humanity,

Unto regions far more bright,

Radiant with celestial light,

Fields of everlasting day!

Bid them hasten by thy spell,

From those orbs where Spirits dwell,

Back to this small, misty earth,

Whence a thousand vapours rise,

Clogging man from hour of birth;

Weighing down his mortal frame;

Quenching his immortal flame;

Concealing from his filmèd eyes,

Mysteries of distant skies;

All the Spirits floating there,

Light as gossamer, and fair

As the dreams of lovers are!

Great Enchanter! Memory!

Not such Spirits would I see

But those forms I've lov'd in vain,

Cloth'd in frail mortality!

Use thy magic, I implore,

For *The Dead* thou canst restore!

Let me see and love again!

They come!—they gaze!—they speak!—they move!

May I not clasp these Beings?—No!

They fade away!—they melt!—they go!—

Then let me follow those I love!

H. D.

A PRAISE OF NONSENSE.

(WITH A SPECIMEN.)

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

SENSIBLE Reader,—if you are not a sensible reader (ask yourself that leading question, as the lawyers call those grave impertinencies which come home to your bosoms, and point blank to your business) give an honest verdict against yourself (which jurors sometimes do when they intend it not), and lay down this paper as a thing with which you have nothing to do: if you *are* sensible, and you can speak to your own character in that respect, read on, and read out. **Sensible Reader**—for so you are—"I read it in those eyes"—did you never enjoy, luxuriate in, abandon yourself to Nonsense for a little hour—for a season—while a man might count sixty minutes as they beat timely, with regular pulsations; and was not your enjoyment, your luxuriation, and self-abandonment sweet, and pleasant, and delectable?—When your mind was a-weary of the abstruser studies; or you were sinking under the waking night-mare of some great worldly care; or shrinking fearfully from fearful anticipations of slow-coming, but coming miseries; or prostrate, soul and body, under the heavy pressure of true, positive sorrows,—was it not, in such hard hours as these, like letting a bow, long-strained, relax—or like giving slackness to a lute-string, to throw off the bit and bridle of serious restraints, and give a loose to sense, till it grew antic, and behaved itself like Nonsense?—Was not Nonsense then to Sense—(to your released Mind)—what shade is unto light, making the light more beautiful by contrast? Was it not like a discord in a delicious melody, making the next concord all the sweeter? Or like silent slumbering after sorrowful wakefulness? Or like the calm that follows up the storm? Or like a cheerful smile upon a face of care? Or like condescension after pride? Or the freedom of a night-gown and old easy slippers after the cramping fashionabilities and outward-man conformities of boots, tight-fitting, Hobby-made, and a confining coat, Stultz-constructed, and bursting at all its button-holes, you are so "cribbed and cabined" in by its extreme fitness?—Was it not as pleasant as a night's dancing after a month's gout?—An indulgence, like the brow-beaten schoolboy's giggle when the harsh, task-compelling usher turns his back?—An easement, like the laugh which your politeness has suppressed till some wearying blockhead, or pedantic dullhead, or perfumed puppy has left the room, and set you at your ease again?

If ever your sensible indulgence in delicious nonsense was like, or at all like, any of these exquisite enjoyments, then I pray you pardon me, dear reader, while I indulge myself—(and you, if you are wise enough sometimes to play the fool)—with this short saturnalia of folly!

Sensible as you are, you cannot but agree with me "that that same word" *Nonsense*, "which greybeards call" unmeaning, is the most misunderstood substantive in our many-tongued language. Fools do not understand it—how should they?—though they affect to be very knowing upon the what is, and the what is not. "The wisest man the world e'er saw" knew it, and called it vanity. If you would come to the proper

understanding of it, you must come better prepared than your unripe scholars come to a college examination, or you will take no degree: you must be already enriched with much wisdom: then you may, *perhaps*, "all things agreeing," arrive at something like a bird's-eye perception of its "deep profound," as you skim, swallow-like, over its surface; and begin dimly to discern that that arrant knave, Nonsense, is no other person than that good fellow, Common Sense, in an uncommon disguise—in a domino assumed "for the nonce."

Nonsense is much mistaken: it is not so easy as it seems: it is not every man's sense. Men of sweetest, learnedest wit only can talk nonsense so that it shall be relished: all other pretenders are counterfeits and "false presentments." Nonsense is only sense made easy: it is the first faint twinklings of the just-lighted intelligence and simplest inklings of thought of babes and sucklings (Sir John included); wisdom in short sentences made up of words of easy syllables. It is very popular among the few wise who teach it to the many foolish; but they are slow to learn. The growing intellect of the age takes to it, and is getting on extremely well with it: its Primer is between all sorts of thumbs. The heaviest writers of it are your political economists; but, what with their excessive collocation of words, and their mistakes in the terms of their science, (which, they acknowledge, are not yet thoroughly defined,) they make Nonsense hard to understand, and are doing their best to render it dull and disagreeable. Patriots, and loyal men to themselves, dole it out column after column, and it is accurately reported, and reads smoothly, eloquently. It sells well, and sometimes reaches a second edition, done up in three vols. crown 8vo. price 1*l.* 1*l.*s. 6*d.*; but if you would make a stir with it, you must get a lord or a lady to adopt it as their own, and put their title in the title-page, which some of your lords and ladies are poor enough to do "for a consideration." Then

"How the wit brightens, and the sense refines!"

Phrenologists fumble and feel about your head with their fingers, and fall into the happiest vein of it immediately: the examinants meanwhile listen with much awe to the Brummagem Greek and Water-lane Latin of the phrenologic nomenclature. The Homœopathists talk it, write it, prescribe it; and it tells and sells.

Nonsense writeth much, and readeth much: though newspaper columns are crowded, and all their space is occupied, editors find room for *him*, and all the papers are bespoken a hundred deep. Some of your critics write it, and are not severe upon themselves; but they affect not to understand what the authors they review mean by it. Some of your authors indite it, when they are in the vein; and in the moment of inspiration, if they feel that they have been more than commonly happy, they sometimes throw down their pens with an air, fall back in their chairs, give their nostrils a pinch of "thirty-seven" each, rap their snuff-boxes flat on their tables with a satisfactory report, and cry "That's fine!" or "Delightful!" or "Beautiful, by Gosh!" or "by Gomb!"—an old Catholic saint, whom your well-read writers sometimes swear by. Nonsense speaketh much, and very wisely; for he speaketh advisedly, and is listened to with profound attention, "the rapt soul sitting in the eyes" of his hearers. He is indefatigable in parliament. He moveth the

address—he secondeth the motion—he divideth upon the motion—he taketh the sense of the house—he moveth the previous question—he explaineth across the table—he covereth the floor of the house with petitions as with rushes—he readeth them—he enlargeth upon their grievances—he hath no confidence in ministers—he moveth for a new writ for the borough of ———, the late member having accepted the Chiltern Hundreds of a certain Barebones parliament (which we shall not more particularly describe, for very fear of committing a breach of privilege, and getting ourselves called up to the bar of that house from which no reprehended person returns)—he expatiateth upon the incorruptibility of the said member, and sitteth down exhausted, amid loud cries of “Hear! hear!”

Nonsense is sometimes serious; and then he putteth away twenty quarto leaves of imitated manuscript, in a dark cover, into a black coat pocket, and walketh into a church, and along the aisle, and up into a pulpit; and his hair is parted Wesley-wise, and his little fingers are adorned with many rings, and his band is clear-starched, and his white cambrie sendeth up a pleasing savour, and he readeth the imitative writing, and he expoundeth the Hebrew of the Old and the Greek of the New to ‘Squire Acres and a congregation of two hundred tenants and their clodhoppers; and they are amazed, and boast their curate as “the most learnedest man of those parts,” and the ‘Squire dines him, and perhaps drenches him, and sees a bishop in him. When Nonsense taketh orders, besides growing pedantic, he becometh priggish. He calleth his Maker “Gud!” and he speaketh of St. Paul as “an apostle of *no mean celebrity!*”*

All hail to thee, great Nonsense! best sense—best understood—though some poor fools affect thee not! Chief orator of that old parliament convened at Babel—hail! Only undying one—immortal Nonsense—hail! Universal Nonsense—welcome! “Room, there, for my lord!” The speaker of the new house salutes thee—shakes hands with thee—congratulates thee that thou art returned member for that great borough the World, and representest that large constituency, the foolish sons of men! He loveth to hear thee volubly discoursing—hateth to have thee hindered—and loudly calleth the rising Common Sense to order when he interposeth an interruption. He is never weary of hearkening to thee—thinks thee great on small occasions—eloquent on all. Wise men admire thy flowery fluency, and doat upon thy periods, well turned. Dullards deliberate on the double-distilled droppings of thy mellifluous mouth, and deem them sweeter than the delicious honey. The wisest sons of Sense wish they had thy folly, and love to listen to the lively jingling of the bells nodding about thy ears, “most musical—*not* melancholy.” Great men feel small in thy presence, and vainly try to ape thy winning ways. This wise world is governed by thee when thou art gravest, amused by

* Both of these absurdities *there* we have heard with our own ears in two several churches: we shall not, therefore, spare the rebuke which recording them in these pages will be; for dandyism in the pulpit, and affectation in the very worship of the Maker are so intolerable, that no censure could be too severe, nor no place unfit, for the reprehension of such unworthiness in men whose duty it is to be humble, unaffected, and an example of simplicity and plainness to “the persons committed to their charge.”

thee when thou art antickly disposed, and pardoneth readily thy comical capriccios. Fools only hate thee and deny thy too-provoking powers! Great governor of states and empires, and all the pomps and vanities of men—grave Nonsense—hail! “Your lordship’s right welcome back to Denmark!”

NONSENSE, only relation—(a nephew)—of SENSE, that old infallible—not of Rome, but of the world—who, good papa, cannot forego that almost-virtuous vice of popes, *nepotism*, and intends nothing less than to load thee with all the good things he can lay hands upon—places of honour, in which peculation is a perquisite—places of trust, in which there are many private golden keys—NONSENSE, great negative, I honour thee; and if ever thou shouldst rise to thy good uncle’s chair, and be pontiff of this foolish world, come to it, sweet cardinal, (the eighth cardinal Virtue,) by no other style and title than NONSENSE, the last and best of all the INNOCENTS; and if no one else will kiss thy toe, claim thou of me that proud humility and Catholic condescension.

A—— and B—— were, a few nights since, settling in their own minds, over a bowl of whiskey punch, which was the driest book they had read. Several modern works, both English and foreign—in especial, German—were mentioned, but they could not come to agree upon “the bright, particular star.” At last, the almost forgotten quarto—“THE M—— A—— T——. LONDON: Printed for MATTHEW MARROW-VAT, 1630”—was named. “Eureka!” cried B——. “Yes,” said A——, “you *have* found it: that is the very work!—that is, undoubtedly, the driest of all possible dry books. To prove that it is so,” continued

A.* Wilson, the great *bibliophile*, has it in his library, solely to keep away damp and mildew from his dear books. Tomlins, that profound *bibliognoste*, he has it, every edition of it; and Simpson, that grave *bibliotaphe* and trustworthy sexton of that Golgotha, his library, has it, I have no doubt, somewhere.

B. It is, certainly, a most extraordinary book, with most extraordinary properties and powers! It has, indeed, performed miracles! There is no end to the wonders it has worked. It is so dry in itself, that nothing wet can approach it and preserve its moisture long. Take a coal-heaver, treat him with seven pots of porter—(the quantity required to saturate a coal-heaver thoroughly)—and when you think him wet enough for your purpose, just get him to read, if he can read—if he cannot, read for him—the title-page;—in one minute the seven quarts go for nothing: he is as sober as a temperance man-milliner, as dry as a lime-burner, and the ready recipient for a second seven quarts.

A. No doubt of it. You wear a Mackintosh cloak in wet weather, I believe? The ingenious patentee of that waterproof comfort professes that some preparation of caoutchouc preserves the dryness you desiderate: Mr. Mackintosh, however, knows better. This is the process of making waterproof cloth:—Take your cloth, dip it in a water-trough, take it out, let it be wrung and hung; then walk through your drying-shed reading this book aloud, and the process is complete: the cloth is

* About fifty lines of the following dialogue have appeared already in Mr. Leigh Hunt’s *Indicator*, in which admirable work this dry-book pleasantry originated.

incapable of wet for ever ; and not only that, but everything in the manufactory is rendered dry as a bone, even the porters (thoughtful of pots of beer), the pump, and the water-dog that guards the premises, all are as dry as a lime-burner. Mr. Braithwaite might play his enormous water fire-engine on it, he could not put out its dryness. Draw it through a horse-pond, and the tender feet of our fair Queen might tread on it as on a carpet, and soil not her pearly satin slippers.

B. So, you see, that Milton was right when he said there was a "goodness in things evil." The driest of books has *one* good property, at least.

A. Yes ; but, on the other hand, it has too many bad properties to countervail the good. For instance, it is said that this very book originated a cutaneous complaint which is becoming very prevalent—dryness of the skin. An old friend of mine read it through ; and now, when you shake hands with him, his dry skin gives you a severe notion of scouring paper, or a baker's rasp. You feel that you are shaking hands with "an old file," indeed.

B. Now I think of it, I do remember many instances in which it has done much mischief. I know, myself, a young lady who put up her beautiful raven-black hair in some loose leaves of it, as curl-papers, and when she waked next day she was as grey as her grandmother !

A. Oh ! much more marvellous than that. I know a barber who sent home a brown wig in a waste sheet of it, and when the bald gentleman came to put it on, he cried out, in an agony of chagrin, "Why, curse that fellow, Screwcurl, if he hasn't sent me my grandfather's grey wig, and not a bit of mine !"

B. Sir, I know of one remarkable instance of its anti-aquarian powers. A friend of mine, coming home from Greenland, plunged overboard from the packet in which he was a passenger, portmanteau and all. He was immediately picked up by a whale homeward bound, who had ready-furnished lodgings to let for a single gentleman ; but, as my friend found his bed-chamber damp, fearful of rheumatism, he sat up reading this very book instead of going to bed. On the following morning, he put on his Sunday shirt without airing ; and found that he afflicted his good landlady with such an obstinate dry cough, that she was glad to get rid of him at an hour's notice, upon his promising, on the honour of a single gentleman, that he would call and pay his rent as soon as possible.

A. Sir, I can believe that also : I know the virtues as well as the vices of the work too well to doubt it. As another instance : An enemy to unions of all kinds has, for twenty years, prevented the junction of two convenient canals, by obstinately keeping this same book in his library, which is situated exactly midway between the two water parties.

B. Oh, that's nothing ! An innkeeper I know, owing to the swampiness of his ground, lost all his skittle-players. A true friend, I should call him, recommended him to try the virtues of this book : he did, yesterday ; and to-day, he has had re-painted over his door, "An undeniably *dry* ground for skittles !"

A. A man who carried the book about him for a day was afflicted with a dry cough all the days of his life.

B. The toll-tickets of a turnpike-road in Wales are printed by the same printer who carried a reprint of it through the press. The London hackney-

coachmen go down there, take a ticket, drive through the gate, return, and are ever afterwards as dry as a lime-basket in the wettest weather.

A. A friend of mine, who lived in a damp house, kept a copy in his bed-room, and waked in the morning in a fever, from the drowth it had occasioned.

B. A gardener wrapt a water-melon in a waste sheet, and, on cutting it open, found it as dusty as a dried poppy.

A. They cover warehouses for dry goods with it, instead of slates, and it answers the purpose admirably.

B. A hatter makes waterproof beavers by putting an inch of it inside.

A. A bunch of grapes was bagged in it, and in half an hour they were raisins.

B. They dry grasses, for winter fodder for cattle, by reading a chapter of it through the fens of Lincolnshire.

A. If you place a page of it in a hay-rick, it never fires from damp.

B. A cow, that was milked by a maid who had merely read its label in a country bookseller's window, never yielded a drop of milk afterwards.

A. Washerwomen recite a passage of it, and take down their clothes—dry! Most of them have sold their drying-grounds in consequence.

B. Innkeepers keep the book in one of the principal bed-rooms, and they want no warming-pans in that and the rest.

A. Dry nurses make use of it, of course; for they find it the briefest method of weaning children. Two sentences of it will make any swaddled young gentleman so perfectly well satisfied, that he will decline taking in his afternoon milk, as usual.

B. You are, of course, aware how the deserts of Arabia became the dry places they are?

A. No, I am not; but I should like to hear how.

B. Oh, simply enough. A very learned Dervish bought a copy of the dry book at Grand Cairo, and carried it with him to Suez, and on, and on, and on, from place to place, and the Egyptians, and other people, noticed, wherever he came, what remarkably dry weather immediately set in; and the men put by their umbrellas, and the women their pattens, as perfectly uncalled for. At last, when the deepest and most fluent wells got dry, and the people got dry, and their linen was obliged to be kept dry, for there was not a drop of water to wash them in, and there was such an universal drought all over and around Egypt, that it began to be no joke, (the phrase "dry joke" had its origin then and there,) an inquisition was made by the heads of the people into the cause of the most extraordinary continuance of fine dry weather and dearth of water; and, to make a long story short, suspicion falling upon the ill-fated Dervish, they tried him, and proved him guilty of this miraculous interposition, and that day burnt him and all he had, the dry book included. No sooner was the unlucky tome reduced to ashes, than down came such a deluging rain, that an umbrella was of no more use than a fig-leaf would be to an elephant overtaken by a hard shower, or a twopenny toothpick to a rhinoceros when he wants to pick his tusks. There was too much water then, and they murmured at that; but people are never contented. The ashes of the undying book, separating themselves from the ashes of mortality, were wafted over the desert, and wherever they fell, their

nature being changed, there grew a green oasis in those wastes of sand.

A. A very probable account truly. I was witness to an extraordinary instance of the like fatal effects. A spiteful critic—(you know what such fellows will do when they are in one of Mr. Dennis's humours)—took the manuscript of a retrospective review of the work in his pocket to Sadler's Wells, and the managers were obliged to postpone the water piece usual at that theatre that night, and it has never been repeated since: they dare not attempt it; for the fellow is still of the same malignant mind, and swears that he will put a stop to their ridiculous pretensions to get up sea pieces with the assistance of about forty pails of New River water.

B. Good. If you take it to sea with you—(so a Wapping skipper informs me)—the ship never leaks. The ship-caulkers are starving in consequence.

A. If a seaman goes by the board, and has only presence of mind enough to keep on repeating a sentence of it, it is as good as a hen-coop thrown over to him: he cannot sink; and his brother seamen may take their time in lowering a boat to save him, and be under no apprehension that he will be drowned. I had that from an East India captain, who had never lost a man in one of his voyages, as he had taught them all the form of preservation for a man overboard.

B. The Duke of B——d, I am informed, now makes it a condition, in granting a lease, that the book shall not be kept on the premises, nor borrowed, nor even quoted by the occupant, his Grace having discovered that it was it, and it only, that afflicted so many of his tenements with the dry-rot.

A. Printers use it to dry their sheets. But no good is without an attendant evil: it renders their compositors so dry, that they "drink, drink, they are always drinking, like fishes."

B. I lent my copy to a young friend in the Middle Temple, sending it by a ticket-porter. Poor Waggle! he has not been able to get rid of the man since, he is so eternally knocking at his chamber-door, and begging for another pint of porter.

A. Publicans, I see, inscribe a line of it over their doors, by way of motto, and even the temperance societarians slip in for a sly drop.

B. House painters and portrait painters find it serviceable, as it saves them all the trouble and expense of drying oils.

A. It seems an extraordinary piece of neglect that it has never been used by commanders when retreating or advancing armies have had to cross great rivers. I should say, that two good readers, one in the van and the other in the rear of an army, might read it safely across the deepest and broadest river in Europe, simply by expounding a passage of it to the waves on either hand of them as they went along; and as soon as the rear reader trod the shore on the other side, and shut the book, let the enemy follow, if they have the temerity.

B. Ladies, who are shocked at that robustious indication of good health, a moist palm, touch it once, I'm told, and, unless they are very careful in the application, their hands become as dry as a mummy's.

A. I know an author who used to produce a novel a-year, who fell asleep over it, and he has had a dry brain ever since.

B. One remarkable instance of its effects I have from a gentleman-farmer of my acquaintance. A cow of his, that had suckled her calf in the most motherly manner, curiously, with her horn, turned over a stray leaf of it, as it lay in the farm-yard, and was immediately obliged to put out her calf to wet nurse, as she was dry.

A. Tradition says that Diccon, the wicked Duke of Gloster, leant his elbow on it, and his arm was withered by it, and not by any witchcraft.

B. And it is said that this was the very book which gave poor Petrarch his death. He was, if you remember, found dead in his library, with his laurelled head lying upon a book. This!

A. And now we will drop the dry book. Nonsense may not be nonsense. It is the sole vice of humour that it sometimes runs riot, and forgets itself. The manner of death of a man who is reputed to have been in his life "a fine and deep poet—an excellent scholar—a real lover—a fast friend—a patriot—a gentleman—and an honest man," is no subject for a jest, however good.

GUIZOT, AND THE MISREPRESENTATIONS OF HIS POLICY IN BLACKWOOD AND OTHER PERIODICALS.

BY THE SYNCRETIST.

WELCOME Guizot, right welcome art thou to the pages of the Monthly! Apollo himself, our presiding genius, beckons thee to England. With one wink of his gorgeous eye, one inflection of his musical finger, has he won thee to our cause. In joyous brotherhood art thou already initiated. Speak boldly, and fear not; for not in thine own Gallia hast thou braver friends than those who invite thee to Britain.

Guizot, thou art the ablest politician in Europe—thou hast been found true to the majestic principle of fraternal unity, which is the golden thread that guides us through the labyrinth of legislation. Thou hast maintained the loving spirit of philosophy, amid the conflicts of diplomatists—and it has brought them gloriously to that mountain of Ægis-armed Minerva, from whose summit thou beholdest the hubbub of sects and parties without despondency or surprise.

Even early in life did Guizot anticipate this grand secret—the aureum arcum of policy—which few statesmen attain before maturest life—and most of them die to learn. Instructed in the literature of Germany—the ebullient fountain of all transcendent science—his soul became attuned to the harmonies of her mightiest Syncretists. That enthusiasm for the divine monad, that passion for union, that thirst for coalition and concord which is the idiosyncrasy of earth's Promethean intelligences, possessed him like a spell. He heard the solemn and conscience-thrilling eloquence of Erasmus and Cassander, and Calixtus and Grotius, Leibnitz and Schlegel swelling the high eulogy of social *peace and good-will*. The music of their voices modulated his soul to the same celestial

symphony, and his heart was transformed into the image and likeness of the gods.

The Syncretic theory of government, which Guizot so early preferred, was doomed to struggle for many years with the vehement factions of France. He endeavoured to impress the unspeakable importance of coalition on the royalists, the milieurists and the republicans. In extending his syncretic system he became all things to all men, so that he might gain some; and thus he gradually triumphed. Beginning almost singly and alone, with no companion but the inspiring verity that urged him onward, he has formed a body in France whose well-intentioned views are every day gaining strength, being confirmed by the stern necessities of society.

Last year Guizot summed up his political views in his celebrated "Letter on Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy in France." This most important document, worthy of the genius of a Grotius and Leibnitz, was published in the *Revue Française*. The severe earnestness of its tone, the convicting truthfulness of its propositions, the keen logic of its method, and the surpassing concision of its style, attracted an insatiable and universal interest.

As the spirit and argument of this masterpiece of Guizot is entirely syncretic, it can receive justice from a philosophical periodical, and that only. It is therefore in the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, the literary representative of prothetic unity, whether in religion or politics, that we venture to insert these remarks. Here Guizot shall be treated generously or at least fairly, for we hold him to be a man expressly raised up by Providence to be as a prophet to European kingdoms. Against such it becomes us not lightly to speak evil, or to call his theory worthless: "by my immortality (as the first poet of Germany exclaims), it were easier for his antagonist to die immaculate than to rise to such worthlessness!"

And yet something of this treatment has Guizot received from the hands of our northern competitor. That Magazine, supported with talent and eloquence that would make any pleading captivating, has not done justice to Guizot. But how could it be otherwise, since Guizot is an impartialist, and Blackwood is a partisan. That sparkling periodical, so well worthy of its popularity, has mistaken the character of the French Syncretist and the nature of the mistake is this:—

Every one who knows Guizot knows him to be a thorough-going Truthsearcher, seeking and speaking her "without partiality and without hypocrisy." Now it happens to be Guizot's deep and invincible conviction that this truth is essentially unitive. — He conceives that it is therefore immeasurably important to restore the divine totality of truth, and that this can only be done by the method of selecting all that is true and rejecting all that is false in all sects and parties. No man therefore is more earnest than Guizot in discovering the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth—and in doing so he takes all that he can find of truth in Roman Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy respectively and refutes all that is false in each.

Hence arises the peculiar ardency with which Guizot pleads the

cause of syncretism and coalition, just because he deems it to be the only system, within human capacity, to amalgamate and unite all that is true in all sects and parties, and because he thinks that exactly in proportion as you achieve the union of truths, will you impair the forces of error.

Therefore Guizot's scheme of coalition, which would unite all that is true, is the furthest thing possible from that scheme of *indifferentism* which would unite true and false. Guizot knows well enough that as every sect and party is a mixed compound, partly true and harmonic and partly false and discordant, coalition properly so called can only take place between the true and harmonic parts, not between the false and discordant ones. And therefore Guizot himself, with the utmost eloquence, has defeated the hallucination of the indifferentists who try to combine not only the true parts, but likewise the false parts of things.

Such is the eclectic policy of Guizot, which aims at producing that legitimate union of ecclesiastical and political forces within the empire whereby that empire alone can be aggrandised and ameliorated. He assumes that high ground of biblicism which enables him to declare what is true, and what is false in all sects and parties, and he assures them that it is only by cultivating what is true, and rejecting what is false jointly and severally, that they will compass that union, for want of which all are put into imminent peril of destruction.

Now Blackwood has overlooked this essential distinction, and has represented Guizot, who is simply a coalitionist, as if he were an *indifferentist*. This is a serious confusion of ideas and terms. Guizot says, that coalition can only flourish as indifferentism is destroyed, yet the modern Athenian ventures to confound him with the indifferentists.

Now we are pretty well assured that Guizot's zeal for truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is as conspicuous as Blackwood's. The difference between them lies here: Guizot, as a Syncretist, sees that the universal truth is divided between sects and parties who have all of them more or less of it, and which should be preferred according to the relative amount they happen to contain in any given age and country. Blackwood, on the other hand, conceiving that his own party is entitled to a *chartered* monopoly of truth, wishes to maintain their exclusive privileges inviolate. We grant not the major of his syllogism, but we admire the hearty vehemence with which he maintains it. With Dr. Johnson, we like "a good hater;" we like our competitors to speak out with the same dare-devil frankness on which we pride ourselves. If all party publications would, in this respect, imitate Blackwood, we should at least know where to find them.

Still it is not generous, nay more, it is not just in Christopher North to accuse Guizot of indifferentism. A coalitionist may be quite as earnest for universal truth as a partisan is for partial truth; the coalitionist may be as intensely averse from indifferentism as any partisan can be. And even if the coalitionist should fall so far from his own philosophy as to jumble truth and falsehood, it would not be the partisan who would have a right to inculcate him—for

who, in the name of Chaos, are more inclined to jumble truth and falsehood than partisans; who in their zeal for supporting their *clique* through thick and thin, will outlie Beelzebub himself.

So much for Guizot's sincerity. Let us now endeavour to unfold a few of his political views, as he has evolved them in his numerous publications, and especially in the letter under notice.

The grand syncretic doctrine which pervades all Guizot's writings is that which so remarkably distinguishes the policy of the Bible. That *Biblical policy*, as Grotius remarks, is the only one which can permanently aggrandise churches and states; for it recognises, throughout, that principle of union which is a fountain of strength, and that law of concord and harmony which dispels the ominous dissensions that prepare universal anarchy. The policy of the Bible is simply Syncretic, or,—as the editor of this Magazine would perhaps say, Prothetic. Setting forth the divinity as the universal Father, the universal lover of angels and men, and creatures of what creation soever, it calls on patriarchs and kings alike to emulate his all-embracing benignity. "The God by whom they reign (as Bossuet so eloquently observes) has neglected no means of teaching them to reign well. The ministers of princes, and those who share their authority in government and legislation, will find in the Bible lessons which God alone could give them." (Vide Bossuet's *Politique tirée de l'Ecriture Sainte*, a work of surprising merit and well worthy a translation).

Taking his stand on this system of Biblical policy, Guizot has endeavoured to introduce its noblest canons into Europe. He has shown to the Patriarchs of Rome, that so far as they really emulate the Divinity whom they profess to represent, they will strive to be a blessing rather than a curse to mankind. And if they would be a blessing, they must not accumulate domination on their own patriarchate, but rather communicate power to the legitimate kings of the nations—aye, and strengthen their prerogatives rather than enervate them. The intensely selfish and short-sighted despotism of the papacy has been fraught with the bitterest injuries; for whatever authority popes may possess within their popedom, *that* emperors and kings should exhibit within their empires and kingdoms. Guizot has therefore shown that every attempt of the popes to violate that wise maxim, "*Live and let live*," every endeavour they have made to intrude their foreign authority into the rightful territories of enthroned monarchs, has been stamped by the black seal of diabolism.

Guizot therefore contends, that if within the popedom it be proper to proclaim "Fear God, and honour the Pope," it is no less proper within the several kingdoms of Europe to proclaim "Fear God, and honour the King." Whatever domination the Patriarch of Rome may claim in Italy, *that* the patriarchal emperors and kings of Europe may claim within their own dominions.

This is precisely Guizot's argument. He maintains, that the patriarchal authority over ecclesiastical and secular affairs is not confined to the pope; but that it extends to all emperors and kings within their legitimate territories. If the pope can pretend to any ecclesiastical powers, the emperors and kings may do the same; for

their office is, no less than his, divine and ecclesiastical. They too are the Lord's anointed, consecrated with a most holy chrism and the acknowledged superiors of all ecclesiastical power within their regency. For popes to assert that emperors and kings are merely secular and civil dignitaries is to give the lie to all national constitutions, and then records a lie that can flourish only in the densest ignorance.

As Guizot has often remarked with the weight of historical testimony, the several emperors and kings of Europe have, one after another, been asserting their supreme authority over all ecclesiastical as well as civil establishments within their own dominions. They have been redeeming their high original prerogatives from the sophistical vapours which Roman malice had breathed around them. All of them, the emperors and kings of Russia, Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Holland, France, and Britain, have for many years past been striving to regain that high and *divine prerogative*, which when properly understood is, as Lord Bacon asserts, the noblest birthright of princes. Well does Shakspeare observe :—

“There's such *divinity* doth hedge a king,
That treason dares not peep at when it would.”

Well does he call it “divinity,” for a king is, according to the constitution of the Bible, which we all reverence, a divine character and representative among men. Place the kingly prerogative on any larger footing and it may be soon overturned. No; there is “a right divine of kings to govern right,” let noodles say what they please. As to “the right divine of kings to govern wrong,” the line involves a contradiction in terms, and therefore goes for nothing; their divine right goes hand in hand with the conditions, that they are to be a praise of them that do well, and to be a terror of evil-doers; the divine right therefore is impaired, *so far* as they forfeit this condition. But to laugh at the divine right itself is a thing most base and contemptible; it is to turn the glory of our monarch and our country into shame. A similar political philosophy is now extending over Europe. Heeren, Sismondi, and Chateaubriand have all been inflicting the knout on the theory of semi-democratical authors; men who, with the best intentions in the world, and under the notion of pleading for liberty and the right of the people, laid the egg that was afterwards hatched into the French and American revolutions.

Yes, it is in vain to deny the fact, it has already burst into light, it is already conspicuous to this world; we cannot recall it, we will not disguise it. The emperors and kings of all Europe, as Guizot asserts, have for ages been striving to regain that high and divine prerogative, that monarchical supremacy which is the secret of union and strength. And with it they have endeavoured to restore, as far as they could, that plan of coalitionary and syncretic policy which shall enable them to extend an equal patronage to all the sects and parties in their states.

It is for these reasons that Guizot has of late years been endeavouring to improve the prerogatives of kings, whom he justly considers as the supreme parents and common centres of union to all the

subjects. He, therefore, strongly advises the king of France to assume the character of a coalitionary and syncretic monarch, and to extend a royal patronage to the just interests of catholicism, protestantism, and philosophy. He says, the office of a divine monarch is to promote divine truth, which is shared among these several sections of population; and he deprecates in the strongest terms the idea of making a monarch (who should be the common father of his people) a merely sectarian or party man. Exactly in proportion as a king becomes a papist, a protestant, a tory, or a whig, in that proportion he sacrifices the interests of his whole empire to a pitiful part of it.

In close connection with this theory respecting monarchy, stands Guizot's scheme of administration. A king's ministry, says he, should be like a king essentially coalitionary and representative. He shows by a reasoning as clear as Euclid, that no ministers, but coalitionary and syncretic ones, can possibly live and flourish in modern nations that are torn to pieces by contending factions. No! a ministry worthy of the name, a ministry that shall grow stronger and stronger in the heart and affections of all classes, a ministry that shall aggrandise and consolidate an empire, rather than infuriate and dismember it, must be *bonâ fide* REPRESENTATIVE; it must be a *parliamentum in parlamento*, an internal, a quintessential epitome of the external diffused assembly, the kernel and marrow of Lords and Commons, whose numberless developements of interest should be but outward manifestations of the working soul within.

All this must inevitably take place sooner or later. There needs no ghost to tell us that party administrations are hurrying with terrible velocity to their ultimate crash. The huge current of popular conviction is fast settling in favour of coalition; and the grinding necessity of things is compelling man after man to take up his proverb against faction. We foresee the days, for they are near at hand, when the advocates of coalition, now pleading against evil tongues and evil times, will be surrounded by a countless and overmastering multitude, before which the banners of schisms and factions will be smitten to the dust.

If we apply Guizot's theory to our own country we shall arrive at many startling conclusions; startling, but not the less true; true, and therefore the more practicable. It will probably appear to the impartial truth-searcher, that Guizot's coalitionary and syncretic model of government, which has been perpetually gaining ground on the continent, has been sometimes approached in Great Britain. For instance, the Stuarts seem to have made a close approximation to it. That dynasty of our kings, one and all, perceived the importance of maintaining a divine prerogative as the main safeguard of monarchy. They felt also, that, as divine potentates, they were bound to a coalitionary form of government. They confessed themselves to be the common fathers of a mixed constitution, composed of catholics and protestants who had equal claims to the royal patronage and protection. They therefore extended that patronage and protection alike to all (catholic and protestant) establishments within the kingdom. They resisted all attempts to render their

character exclusive and sectarian, for they saw that giving anything like a monopoly, either to catholics or protestants, would tend to upset the true harmony of the constitution. In this view, they were supported by Grotius, Selden, Clarendon, and Cave in his celebrated "*Fiat Lux*," the most illumined treatise on politics which appeared during the seventeenth century, the Stuarts considered themselves defenders of the faith of the Universal Catholic church in all its fulness and not in one branch only. Their opinion was confirmed by the most illustrious syncretists of the time, especially the ever-memorable Mr. John Hales; "By the Church (says he, in his tract on the Lord's Supper) I shall understand, without trifling, all factions in Christianity, either Roman or Protestant, even all that entitle themselves to Christ wheresoever dispersed all the world over. And as to heresies (continues he) no man is so great a heretic as he who calls other men such. For if we account mistakes befalling us through human frailties to be heresies, then it will follow that every man (the apostles perhaps only excepted) was a heretic, for never was there any Christian who did not in something concerning the faith mistake himself. It is only where men err wilfully that we can accuse them of heresy which is nothing else than wilful error, that is, persisting in a lie knowing it to be one."

The same syncretic system was likewise supported by Alexander Ross, one of the first scholars of his age. In his celebrated "*Pan-sebeia*; or, *View of all Religions*," he gives us a passage teeming with the best genius of freemasonry. "The disputes (says he) between the papists and protestants might be fewer than they are, if men would be moderate on either side. But the spirit of contention and contradiction hath hitherto hindered, and will yet hinder the peace of the church till the Prince of Peace, our true Solomon, who built this mystical temple without noise of axes or hammers, put an end to all jars and discords. Then shall men find their Saviour not in the earthquakes, whirlwinds, and fires of contention, but in the still and quiet voice of peace, concord, and unity, which he left to us as a legacy till we lost it by our pride and sacrilege."

If, however, the Stuarts, during their brighter days, made a close approximation to the coalitionary and syncretic theory of government, under which their entire empire might have flourished, they soon forfeited the blessing. With the best designs in the abstract, they egregiously mistook the means of carrying it into execution. They too often did evil that good might come, and thus lost the confidence of their subjects. But in this case, if the kings acted ill, the people acted worse. In the Stuarts, we at least behold a noble and philanthropical principle, working its way mistakenly and capriciously; but in the people we discern a far darker and deadlier purpose. There were, indeed, a few gallant spirits, who strove for purely patriotic motives and whose names descend to posterity in stainless glory. But in general a shameless disloyalty marked the proceedings of the populace. The bigoted and ignorant puritans, boasting of Christianity and violating Christianity's first law, the veneration of the king, broke into excesses of iniquity that might have scandalised a nation of savages. The miserable sectarianism

of protestantism run mad ; having dethroned Christ for the sake of Calvin, dethroned the Stuarts for the sake of democrats. We are no Roman Catholics, but we do protest that the worst evils of papacy have been more than matched by the insanities of ultra-protestantism—of protestantism assuming the form of an exclusive and limitary sect. Explaining themselves with the idiot cry of "No Popery," the bugbear of puny and timorous spirits, the puritans rushed on like so many Bedlamites to destroy all that was sacred and august in the institutions of Britain ; and thus they afforded to mankind a damning demonstration how nearly the mania of party resembles the mania of atheism, by applauding from English pulpits atrocities as odious as the horrors of the French revolution.

It was then that the divine prerogatives of our kings were reduced and degraded. The monarchs that should have been coalitionary and syncretic, the common patrons of the catholics and the protestants that compose the mixed British constitution, were obliged to assume the character and play the part of party monarchs. They were obliged to profess themselves protestants in order to maintain their authority. Nay, so far did the protestant party carry it by the high hand of monopoly, that they proclaimed the British constitution to be an exclusively protestant constitution in the very teeth of the reality.

From that day of what is called the glorious Revolution (whether justly or not there may be some question), our monarchs have been infinitely puzzled how to act, feeling that their true position is essentially coalitionary and syncretic ; desirous of emulating those foreign sovereigns, who with equal patronage and justice govern alike their Catholic and Protestant subjects, they have been painfully conscious of certain legal regulations apparently binding them too tightly to particular classes of their subjects, as their sole guide and direction in the art of governing.

There is, however, a remedy for every wrong. That remedy chiefly resides in a monarch's independence of mind. A British Monarch may still boast that liberty of mind and thought which forms the perquisite of the people. He is not bound to that all slaves are free to. A British Monarch, so far as thought can go, may still consider his prerogative divine, and esteem himself as reigning like the common father of his Catholic and Protestant subjects. He may, by force of principle, defend the rights and privileges of his Catholic subjects as strenuously as by oath he is bound to defend the rights and privileges of Protestants.

In accordance with this principle a British Monarch may choose his friends and ministers equally from the most eminent Catholics and Protestants within his dominions. Such a coalitionary and syncretic administration would gain the confidence of the Catholics who compose one third of the British empire, as well as the confidence of the Protestants who compose two thirds of it.

It is curious enough, but many of these reflections on the coalitionary politics of Guizot have undoubtedly struck the attention of the British Court at present. It is well known that the political views of our youthful sovereign are, on the whole, coalitionary

and syncretic. She is evidently inclined to patronise eminent Catholics as well as eminent Protestants. She extends a benignant countenance alike to Tories and Whigs. In consequence, the British Court is at present distinctly coalitionary, and coalitionists throughout the empire are at a premium as the Queen's favourites. None so earnestly as the coalitionists now support the throne and its prerogatives: their loyalty is a far loftier and deeper principle than can animate any partisans whatever. *Idem sentire idem amore* says Cicero; uniformity of opinions produces uniformity of affections. The partisans in the Church and State, on the other hand, have allowed their righteous loyalty to evaporate, and it has given place to disaffection. As long as our monarchs agreed with them none were so loyal as they: never were such extravagant expressions of reverence. Now that our monarchs endeavour to show them the fallacy of partisan and monopolist views, they are offended.

A great and good king, as *pater patriæ*, is bound to cherish and patronise all classes of his subjects. He considers all of them as forming members of the social body, all of them as useful and serviceable to the general weal when kept in due harmony and subordination, otherwise most fatally injurious. He will therefore cherish his Catholic subjects, because he knows that, in proportion as he behaves generously to them, will they transfer those reverential attachments now lavished on a foreign Pontiff to their native Sovereign. In such circumstances, their darker errors and prejudices will disappear and their detestable bigotry, once so absurd and disgusting, will melt in the sunny atmosphere of philanthropy and patriotism. Such a king will likewise encourage and patronise Protestants, those freeminded and illuminated religionists who, in proportion as they prevail, make States prosperous and victorious. In the same way, will he vouchsafe his gracious countenance to the several political parties according to their deserts. But to none of these will he manifest any thing like exclusive favour, because he knows that his greatness as a monarch consists in his being supported by *all*. If he allows to either any thing in the shape of monopoly, he will only enhance a part at the expense of the whole. By such an error he would be gaining thousands only to lose millions, and destroy that *balance of parties* which is the true secret of home-policy no less than foreign, and those rancorous asperities of factions which are always striving their utmost to ruin the Constitution.

The coalitionists, who have become the *court body*, properly so called, have therefore a capital game before them. Such coalitionists will be found the best *conservatives*; all their predilections are conservative; all their efforts are conservative, for they know that the principle of conservatism is far higher and nobler than that of alteration or destruction. But theirs is the conservatism of union, which is strength, not the conservatism of division, which is weakness. This was some while a paradox; but now the time gives it proof.

Cherishing the principle of union, we seek to promote that union by proselyting, as far as possible, those sects and parties which, by

perpetual subdivision, are fast gravitating to the infinitely little. Our motto is, "*Fiat jus ruat cælum*," and our design the good old system of fair play and no monopoly, which is so dear to the British people. We seek to do Heaven's justice alike to Papists, and Protestants, and Dissenters. We will frankly praise all that is meritorious among the Tories, who would be the Royalists; the Whigs, who would be the Aristocrats; and the Liberals, who would be the Democrats of the state. And just as boldly will we endeavour to write down the abuses of all sects and parties; for abuses enough they have—that cannot be denied.

The more our line of policy is developed, the more it will be valued. Past experience leaves us no doubt of the result. There are a host of free and gallant spirits who will appreciate the merit of the cause, and lend it their countenance and patronage. Every lover of his country will do something to abate this flagrant nuisance of schisms and factions, by which Montesquieu has dared to prophesy that our empire will perish.

It is in the gradual but sure advance of the coalitionary and syncretic system of policy in this country that our chief hope of national prosperity resides. What Guizot is doing abroad many eminent writers are doing at home; and in proportion as their views are extended and patronised, will they secure the blessings of peace, after which all just spirits are aspiring.

But let all the triumphs of political truth be achieved by the calm and legitimate process of candid enquiry. Let the quiet philosophic spirit of the truth-searcher prevail within the walls of Parliament and without. Let the severe and intricate deductions of political science be wrought out with patient study; and their radiance will dispel all the clouds of party hallucination. Before the rising of this new Aurora, the harbinger of a day of peace and love, the grim tornadoes of sects and parties will disappear,

"Intestine wars no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage."

Let nothing be said or done in advancing coalitionary measures with heat or prejudice. Let us not become violent in pleading for forbearance. Let us be convinced that the great and spirit-stirring truth we advocate will make its champions victorious. Let our course be like that of Apollo, the shining light, who shineth more and more to the perfect day. Calm, concentrated, and serene, let us develop the divine harmony of jurisprudence, and rely on Heaven for the result.

For the advocates of spiritual truth to employ the machinery of physical force, is to confess their hypocrisy and their weakness, because they believe not that truth is strong enough to triumph without the weapons of malice. We enter our protest against every manifestation of physical polemics in matters of political science. That science must be pursued by the quiet analysis of experiments direct and inverse: the truth will evaporate the moment that passion is introduced. We protest, therefore, against any demonstration of physical convulsion among our schisms and factions, be they Papist,

Protestant, Tory, Whig, Radical, or Chartist. Whenever sectarians and partisans feel themselves incited to any hostile violence, let them be certain that it is the work of the Devil. Whichever is the party that endeavours to break the peace, it becomes the interest of all the rest to exterminate it as their common enemy.

So much for the coalitionary scheme of government, and now a word for the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, in which, for the first time, it has been announced to the British public. We have reason to be grateful to several of the more respectable journalists, who have candidly and generously appreciated our motives, and weighed our arguments. Those journalists have owned what we trust is sufficiently clear, that our aim has been to promote the good of our entire empire, by promoting the good of all its constituent parts. They have acknowledged that the attempt is noble; and they have acknowledged, moreover, that it is extremely arduous. They have confessed it to be highly desirable that writers who have devoted their lives to the study of ancient and modern politics, should explain their views frankly and fearlessly, especially when those views happen to be backed by a great mass of learned authorities. They know that the best way of getting all the truth is to hear all the pleadings of all sides; and they rejoice that an advocate has arisen to plead coalitionary politics, as gallantly and resolutely as other advocates plead party politics. For the sake of the good done by those endeavours to advance the philosophical study of jurisprudence, genuine truth-searchers might be excused even if their views were new; nay, more, even if they were erroneous.

What shall we say then in reply to the criticisms of certain particular journals of great talent and merit, that have spoken harshly of our coalitionary principles. We will not retort with the same harshness, nor will we avail ourselves of the same sarcasm; but we protest that it is neither fair nor just for any journals, either to malign or ridicule the syncretic and coalitionary policy, because it does not agree with their own party opinions. It is worse than absurd at this time of day to sneer at a system of politics which has been sanctioned by the gravest authors of all ages and nations,—authors whom we have invariably quoted as we have proceeded, for we have stated nothing without authority. Let our antagonists apply themselves to a calm and sequestered investigation of the science of politics, which requires at least as much impartiality and perseverance as mathematics, and they will see that our pleadings are neither novel nor unsubstantial; our theory whether correct or incorrect, is no idle phantasy of a pseudo-poetic imagination, but the result of many years' hard study, during which we have accumulated a vast mass of testimonials from the ablest authors on politics in all languages. If any one will come forward who has given the same laborious attention to jurisprudence, and answer our arguments and quotations by the legitimate process of dialectics, with such a man we will joyfully encounter. But at present we are too well supported by the smile from our sovereign, and the most eminent writers of Europe, to be sneered or frightened out of our design. The coalitionary theory now stands nearly in the same position as the Copernican theory

did two centuries ago, and it will triumph, even as that hypothesis has done, in spite of all the tartness of invective and all the insolence of office.

But be this as it will, the Monthly is the best tempered Magazine afloat. It is the common friend of all good and philanthropical spirits,—it praises all sects and parties as much as it can, and blames them only where it is obliged to do so, and then without a spark of anger. It is, therefore, a sin against good taste and good manners for any journals to treat us as their enemies, for their enemies we are not and will not be. If they suffer a coalitionary periodical to excel them in courtesy and good humour, they will, in fact, be granting the weakness of their arguments. By every attempt to try the very question at issue, and then to chuckle as if they had proved us mistaken, they wrong themselves even more than they wrong us. This is not the mode of healing the high and intricate philosophemes of politics, which truth-searchers esteem or Englishmen prefer. We knew what we were about when we proposed to reestablish the Monthly Magazine on the highest philosophical principles in religion, politics, and literature. No man goeth into a battle without first considering the cost thereof. The success we have hitherto obtained prompts us to persevere steadily in the same course. It is a contest between the *unitive system* and the *party system*; it is a contest between John Bull and those that would tear him limb from limb, and *in fewer than five years our cause will triumph*. There shall be no inconsistency, no whiffling, no trimming, no running away, *parmulâ non bene relictâ*, and we shall conquer though *non sine pulvere*. Our countrymen know how to appreciate moral courage; they will still strengthen our hands; and our candle shall neither be snuffed out by envy, nor blown out by violence.

Whether we are right or wrong, our antagonists will learn to speak with more moderation respecting the relative merits of coalitionary and party politics. The truth which we are all contending for will then have some chance of gaining ground; but every word of abuse or spleen on either side is sure to delay her progress. We wish to proceed on the most friendly terms with all public journalists, whom we think just as desirous of advancing the good cause as ourselves, though our *modus operandi* may differ. If any of our antagonists use gratuitous and ungentlemanly abuse, we shall scorn to answer them in the same style, but let the shame rest on their own heads. *Nemo me impunè lacessit. Ego illum flocci pendo, nec hujus facio, qui me pili aestimat.*

Old Time at last sets all things even,
And if you will but watch your hour,
There never yet was human power,
That could escape, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him that treasures up a wrong.

• ALERIST.

REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

SECOND SERIES.

No. VII.—MY GOD-CHILD MARY.

WHEN I was quite a young woman, in my best and (as the authors say) my most *palmy* days, I was prevailed on, much against my own inclinations, to take on myself the responsibilities of a godmother to a little girl, the first and indeed the only child of an old schoolfellow of mine.

Tossed as I have been on the wild surges of human life, wrecked and despoiled by the same raging billows that have engulfed my dearest treasures, I have been prevented from fulfilling those duties to my namesake Mary that I certainly should have most scrupulously attended to, had calm and sunshine been upon my own little bark during after life: yet still, on my return to England, as I said, a shipwrecked mariner, many years after I had stood at the baptismal font with the newborn little earthly angel in my arms, I made repeated inquiries after the fate of both the mother and child, but could hear of nothing satisfactory. All I could gather respecting them amounted to merely this, that Mary, my godchild, had grown up a beauty, her mother had very early become a widow, and much embarrassed in her circumstances, but had found a friend in a Mr. Carpenter, a man of large fortune living in Devonshire, who, it was believed, had fallen desperately in love with my fair godchild. All beyond this information was an entire blank: whether Mr. Carpenter had married Mary; whether, indeed, she were living at all I knew not: they had left the village of Ide, near Exeter, for many years, and all traces of them were lost.

The chances, as they are called, in this mortal life are most extraordinary!—as if the various circumstances that happen to us all were something put into an enormous bag, and shaken up together by the hands of this same blind deity known by the name of “Chance,” who, I suppose, shuffles us from human beings, and all our doings and destinies in it, against each other, just as she does a pack of cards at the game of whist; giving to some all the *honours*; to others, perchance, nothing but *black deuces* and *common soldiers*, as they call those below the *tens*, who are allowed to be non-commissioned officers, and hold that rank accordingly. I wish I could stop a moment here, and tell what happened to me some years ago in another particular instance, illustrating the wild caprices of this same shuffling demi-goddess Chance; but episodes are always disagreeable, and weaken much, I think, the main story, drawing off from it just so much interest as the *divaricating* one gains; so that they both become as weak and flat as the *sky-blue* the London milkman leaves at your door in the morning, chalking it up for the genuine produce of the cow. Even this little digression I have now made is, I see, most unpalatable: how then could I have thrown in here my marvellous narrative of *The Pearl Brooch*, and *Sir Matthew Wood*, the then Lord Mayor of London? Yet, such is the waywardness of human nature, it is not impossible but that some gentle and curious readers may exclaim, especially those who live in the city, and are deputies and common-councilmen, “Why the devil does not the

woman tell us about it (if she have anything to say), I should like to know? Her story about Mat. Wood, and, no doubt, the Guildhall dinner—there might have been some sense in that!" I pledge myself, most "reverend signors," that this story of *The Brooch and the Lord Mayor* shall still be told, and in its fitting place.

I had returned from one of my *excursions*, useful and periodical, as are the visits of the monthly journals, when, as is usual after an absence of some weeks from home, I cast my scrutinising eyes on all things within and without my pretty domicile at Kensington, to see if any change had taken place during my absence, my old servant Bridget assisting me in my contemplations, as an aid-de-camp does his general on a recruiting party.

Burnished as well as polished steel could be, shone my whole fire equipage full in my face, reflecting the self-satisfied smile of my trusty *second-in-command* as she pointed out to me, "that there was not a spot of rust, or *any such thing*, on my handsome register stove, fender, and fire irons." All my oddities and curiosities were safe, and free from a particle of dust on my cheffonier, my rosewood tables, and my white marble mantel-shelf. My handsome sleeping apparatus was in excellent order, with snow-white curtains, blinds, and toilet cover, in that comfortable retreat I strictly called "*my own*." In short, my whole house was *in order*, and fit for the reception of a much grander personage than the "Monthly Nurse," who had, however, by dint of her vocation, contrived to amass all these pretty things together, and to pay her rent and taxes as regularly as any housekeeper in Kensington parish.

Many cards had I to inspect, many notes to read, many messages to hear. Bridget, too, had to tell me of a rascally *tooth* of hers, that had during my absence tormented her to such a degree, that she actually sent the baker to tell the doctor to come with his nippers, and pull out the *offending Adam* from her mouth.

"I thought I was in heaven, madam," said old Bridget to me when she had gone thus far in her narrative, "when I saw the double-fanged *traitor* stick up like a criminal as he was in the doctor's twisting-iron, which had well nigh though twisted my head off into the bargain. I slept so soundly, ma'am, that night, that I never, if you will believe me, heard the milkman ring or the potboy call: they all thought I was dead, I believe. No, no; *I was in heaven then; for I had ease, and was asleep!*" Bridget had unwittingly given me a clearer idea of what heaven really is than any I had ever gleaned from books—a release from suffering, and a free communication with the eternal world.

They are always most delightful to me, these occasional returns to my home comforts! Every thing wears a face of novelty, yet endeared to me by various associations. I am assured that *absence* is, when not too much prolonged, a very renovating sort of a commodity; it brushes up and polishes the affections: men and their wives, I can well imagine, should subject themselves occasionally to such wholesome treatment, that they may not have a sort of nausea of each other by being too much together. How delighted are we to welcome the sun back to us in the morning, when he has left us for a few hours during the night! He would be shorn of half his glory if he continued incessantly *shining*

on, shining on, without a cloud sometimes to veil him, and his glorious "farewells" every evening in the west.

"And is there anything new in the neighbourhood, my good Bridget?" inquired I, with a little of the gossiping propensity of my *caste*, and wishing also to give my old servant's tongue somewhat of a holiday after having been shut up in *durance vile* for so long a time; for the worthy creature never will leave my house whilst I am absent, lest some mischief might ensue from the loss of my Argus, as she argues, and "some of my *valuables* be snapped away in a moment."

"There is such a fine handsome couple come to lodge just opposite, madam," said Bridget, "at No. 49: a young married pair they seem to me; and the lady has her mother staying with her sometimes. I often stand at the window to see them going out for an evening walk: he so attentive, she so very delicate! He came back yesterday ever so far only to fetch her shawl, as she had gone out without one; and our laundress tells me that they are real gentlefolks, and that they wear such beautiful linen: and the gentleman is so fond of his young wife, that the servants say, "they always wish to be married themselves whenever they see their master and mistress together."

"That is no very unusual thing, Bridget," said I, "for female servants to wish themselves married: so go now, and bring up my tea: you may place the table a little nearer the window, and wheel up my arm-chair just before it. It is not cold; so I can take my tea, and look out into the street at the same time. I shall take a peep at your handsome young couple, Bridget, I assure you: but hand me that book; I can indulge myself in reading a little at the same time, whilst my tea is cooling. Yes, I will have a good plate of hot buttered toast, thin and brown, after your most approved fashion, Bridget. I eat no toast so good as yours; it is never greasy, yet it tastes fully of butter—O, how comfortable it is to be once more at home!"

I was sipping my second cup of tea at the window, feeling, as I always try to do, grateful for the blessings yet preserved to me, rather than fretting for those removed, when I saw the young people living opposite arrive and knock at their own door. Bridget was right: they were a very handsome couple; he about ten years her senior, tall, well-proportioned, and with a military air; she exceedingly fair, with regular beautiful features, but very pale, and with somewhat of a consumptive look. I perceived that the affectionate husband, after he had assisted her off with her shawl, made her lie down on the sofa, and carried to her in a wine glass either some medicine or cordial, standing close by her side whilst she drank it, and then, taking up a book, seemed as if he were reading aloud to her, for I could see his lips distinctly move.

In one moment on witnessing these attentions (so made up of inconsistencies are we frail mortals), my pretty house at Kensington, and all the comforts in it, were forgotten. I thought of the time when I was so beloved, so attended to as was now that fair opposite neighbour of mine! All my gratitude for the thousands of blessings I possessed was gone in one "fell swoop:" I repeated to myself these lines from some anonymous writer:—

How visions of the past distress me!

How fling their shadows o'er the heart!

When gone the *substance* that should bless me,
 Its *memory* also should depart!
 Yet no—though grieving be a folly,
 Give me the privilege to grieve;
 Since these dark shades of melancholy
 Are all departed friends *can* leave!

So I ordered candles, and my shutters to be closed, much to the surprise of my reasoning attendant, who wanted to know, if she had dared ask me, the *motive* of every one of my actions: what could Sir Isaac Newton have done more? The light she thought was strong enough still to read by; the evening most delightful; groups of Kensington belles were passing by the windows, going to meet their husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers, coming home from London and their daily occupations. "Why should I wish to shut out this stirring, delightful scene so early?" was the inquiry of old Bridget, mentally, it is true, but in spite of her silence, expressed by her looks.

"I do not feel very well this evening," I answered to the mute interrogation I saw in Bridget's "*soul-reflectors*," as I have heard the orbs of vision called; "I shall retire this evening early to rest; to-morrow, no doubt, I shall be better:" and I closed my book, and approached the fire; where, sitting down, I indulged myself in the melancholy pleasure of contemplating some of those "*shadows*" that *the dead* had left me—those "*visions of the past*" I spoke of just now, until warned by my old servant "that it was ten o'clock; and as I said I would retire *early*," she thought she would inform me of the hour."

The next morning my eye caught again the sight of the charming young couple living opposite. How interesting did she look in her white morning dress; how rich were the curls of her dark chesnut hair. They breakfasted at the same hour I did, and then her work-box was brought her, and an ottoman stool for her feet. The husband after this prepared himself (it seemed to me) for going out. He returned from his sleeping apartment when fully equipped—approached his lady; his back was towards the window, but I could not be mistaken; he stooped and imprinted on her lips a parting salutation.

What could possess me? I could not keep my eyes from the house opposite. I felt infatuated; my work, my writing, was only a pretence. I found myself every moment watching each movement of the lovely stranger after her husband had departed. I was become all of a sudden a busy-body, a lady *peep-a-bout*: I could not resist the magic influence of intense curiosity.

Presently a hackney coach stopped at the door of No. 49. What had I to do with the hackney coach? Everything, it seemed to me. I felt ashamed at my silly infatuation, and turned my back for a moment, most virtuously, upon the window. The effort was unavailing. There was I again, when the coachman had given his flourishing rat-tat-tat, watching who would get out of the vehicle, and if they would stay long there visitors of my very handsome opposite neighbour.

I soon solved the mystery of the hackney coach. I saw in a moment that the lady who descended from it was the mother of my incognito at No. 49, for such she undoubtedly was to me. A portmanteau and band-

box proclaimed that the newly arrived was just returned from a journey. What was that to me? I saw the mother and daughter embrace each other very affectionately: it was very natural they should do so after their separation; and then (but I could not, however, account so easily for that) I saw the younger lady wring her hands together as if in an agony of grief, and some restoratives were applied to her, as if she had fainted away from some cause or other.

My beautiful neighbour, then, was not happy! She had cause for sorrow, although, to all appearance, most eligibly married, and having a husband who evidently adored her! What could be the cause of this excessive grief I had witnessed? Whatever it might arise from, I soon plainly discovered that she would not suffer her partner to share her afflictions, for she met him on his return with a smiling countenance, and in the evening they walked out together in Kensington Gardens, where I myself took a stroll, and found myself, by the legerdemain tricks of this same modern chance, sitting near the young wedded pair, in one of the alcoves of the gardens, just opposite the Serpentine river.

"Your mother looks pale, I think, dearest," said the noble-looking fellow who called this charming woman his. "I think her journey into *Devonshire* has done her but little good: I am glad I did not suffer you to accompany her."

At the sound of *Devonshire*, my bosom throbbed; it always does so at hearing of that county: I lost not a word of their conversation.

"When I look at that pale face of thine, my dearest *Mary*," said the gentleman tenderly, "I feel almost frightened lest you should not be able to endure the climate of India, and yet, it would break my heart to leave you behind me."

"The voyage will do me good, Forbes," replied the young lady, with a voice that came upon my ear like music. "Would to God we could set off immediately!"

"How will you bear parting with your mother?" enquired the husband. "You will have but *one* solitary heart to repose on in that stranger-land, *Mary*; but I think you can rely safely upon its unabating watchfulness over its greatest treasure."

"When will our equipments be ready, Forbes?" was the reply; "I am most anxious to embark."

"How I rejoice to hear you say so," said the husband; "I feared England would have clung around your heart, although you have no connection but your mother to draw you to it: it is fortunate for your feelings that it is so. I suppose she will like to reside in *Devonshire* when we are gone?"

"I should think so," said the young wife; but there was a tone of reserve about these words that struck me much. I observed also that no allusion whatever was made to that sudden outbreak of anguish I had myself witnessed that very morning.

"Can you be ready, *Mary*, think you, in three weeks?" asked the military stranger, for such I saw he was.

"*In one!*" answered she most fervently, and I saw a shudder pass over her fine features.

"Has your mother seen Mr. Carpenter since she left town?" enquired the husband, carelessly, after a short pause; "but she will tell us all

about her journey this evening, Mary, when we are all sitting together round the fire."

"O of course," replied the pale beauty; but I witnessed again a look of such inexpressible, such inexplicable agony, flash across her face just then, that it made me start, but her husband was looking another way, and in another moment she complained of feeling cold. He wrapped her shawl more closely round her, and she took his arm and departed, making a slight move to me, as I sat, apparently reading, on the other side the box, but, in fact, busied in profound abstraction.

"*Devonshire!*" I repeated to myself after they had departed—"Carpenter!" he mentioned the name of Carpenter, and he called her also "*Mary!*"—can it be possible that chance has thrown in my way that very god-child of mine, after whose fate I have made such ineffectual enquiries? Why did I not ask her at once if her maiden name was not Cottrell? That elderly lady, then, was my old schoolfellow! Heavens and earth! how altered do we become by time! The little helpless babe is changed into this beautiful woman, and my late pretty-looking friend her mother grown out of all recollection; double her former size, and certainly not improved in personal charms! How altered then must I myself be! and so, no doubt, will Mrs. Cottrell think—that is, if I am right in my conjectures. Poor Mary! if this be she, then some mystery lies about her. I could not be deceived in the expression of those features. She has some secret sorrow preying on her; but I will know more about all this before I sleep. And with this firm resolve I hastened home, opened immediately my writing-desk, and dispatched by the hands of the astonished Bridget a note to No. 49, couched as follows:—

"If the name of *Cottrell* happens to be the family one of the ladies in the house opposite, a very old friend of the mother, and the sponsor of the daughter, would feel much pleasure to renew her acquaintance with both. Should the writer of this have deceived herself, an apology is due to the ladies thus addressed."

I had ordered Bridget not to wait for an answer; and as full half an hour passed, and I received no communication from *over the way*, I began to think that I was upon a wrong scent altogether, yet still I fancied politeness might have dictated some immediate reply to my inoffensive note. I plainly observed that it had caused some little commotion and conversation between the two ladies, from which the gentleman seemed quite excluded. They had gone up together to the younger one's sleeping apartment, and there they were, I perceived, with my note in their hands, their heads hanging over it, and evidently in deep consultation.

"How ridiculous!" thought I, "to make such a fuss about answering so simple a question! I shall think no more about them. Perhaps it is better for me to let matters stand as they do at present with regard to my god-daughter Mary, let her be wherever she may be. I have an anticipation that I shall hear no pleasing tidings of her whenever she should *cast up*, as they say, for there was a manœuvring spirit about that mother of her's I well remember that I much disliked; there was in her a disregard sometimes to *truth*, and a total want of candour in her general character. What conditions could such a one as Mrs. Cottrell then was, supply for the development and growth of divine and virtuous

principles in her child. It is better, I am sure, that I should never hear of them at all."

But this was not to be my fate. A double knock was soon heard at my door, and the elder of the two ladies at No. 49 entered my drawing-room with an air of some hesitation and confusion. No natural, and therefore beautiful, delight at meeting with so early a friend as myself shone upon her countenance; she was cold, constrained, and evidently uncomfortable; she seemed much embarrassed when she acknowledged that her name was "*Cottrell*," and, to my extreme surprise, desired she might be allowed to speak to me in my *back* drawing-room, as she had something confidential to impart to me.

I have an intuitive as well as an experimental horror of the word "*confidential*." I never yet heard anything agreeable come to me through that medium, but I could make no solid objection; so, throwing open my folding doors, I followed my old friend with a new face into my back room, carpeted, it is true, like the front one, but without the comfort of a fire, and altogether quite a different sort of a thing.

Mrs. Cottrell closed the door after her, and, as I turned round just before, I saw her son-in-law standing with a book in his hand at the opposite window, his eyes fixed on those of my house. I mentioned this circumstance, as I sat down, a little out of humour, by the side of my visitant.

"How very disagreeable that is," exclaimed Mrs. Cottrell, turning as red as a peony. "Then he knows that I came in here after all. I told him I was going to the library to change a book; and so indeed I have been, but I did not say I was going to call here."

"It is not of much consequence such an omission," said I, rather piqued by her manner. "Then, *now*, I suppose, you will have no objection to return to the other room, for, to tell you the truth, this feels rather chill, for it has not had a fire in it since I have been away."

"Perhaps he only looked at your house by accident," musingly exclaimed my quondam friend, more to herself than to me. "I should rather my son-in-law *did not know* I called here."

"Just as you please," I answered coldly and proudly enough; for I conceived Mrs. Cottrell had heard I was a "*monthly nurse*," and so, like a fool, was ashamed of my acquaintance.

"You misunderstand me, my dear Mary, altogether," fawningly said Mrs. Cottrell, putting her hand on mine, which imparted to me no magnetic sympathy or warmth. The spirit that stimulated that action then felt no affection or interest for me, as she called me "*Dear Mary*." The word *dear* is so worn to tatters with indiscriminate use, that I would not give a brass farthing for it; yet I had heard in former times the words "*Dear Mary*" with strong emotion, but *then* it was evolved by a corresponding sentiment—then was the term indeed *dear*.

"You misunderstand me, my dear Mary, I plainly see," said Mrs. Cottrell; "I am rejoiced once more to embrace you;" and she folded her arms around me, but they created no wish for a response from mine. I sat unmoved as a statue, chilled to the very heart, not by the atmosphere of the room altogether, but by the withering influence of my visitant.

"It is many years since we met, Mrs. Cottrell," said I; "You know not the pains I have taken to find out, since my return to England, you,

and more especially my god-child and namesake. What an elegant, lovely creature she appears."

I found it was incumbent on me to say something, but my visitor's thoughts were pre-occupied; she heard but very indistinctly, it was apparent, my praises of her daughter's person. I grew impatient at her absence of manner, and was heartily sorry that I had sent over my note to No. 49, which had brought upon me the infliction of her presence.

"You are cold here, I see," at length observed the lady, enquiringly, and again looking very uneasy.

"Rather," was my laconic reply.

"If you are quite sure that my son-in-law saw me enter here, we had better go at once and sit by your comfortable fire in the outer room," observed the lady.

"I know nothing about that, but I am sure that I never saw him look so *decidedly* over at my house before," answered I, quite astonished and disgusted by her whole conduct; "and if he does know you are here, will he not think it very *odd* that we should closet ourselves in here?"

This was quite a random shot of mine, but it did vast execution.

"You are quite right," said she; "it *will* look as if we had something to talk over in secret—as if there were some mystery—I should like to avoid that, certainly. Perhaps we had better, then, go back and sit ourselves down in the front room openly at once."

"Your son-in-law must be a very tremendous and extraordinary man," said I, "if he cares a fig in which room we place ourselves to talk over *days gone by*; and I led the way, "nothing loth," to my warm and elegant drawing-room, offering her the seat of honour, my handsome Morocco arm-chair.

"No, not there," answered she, declining my favourite seat; "I will get away from the fire, if you please, and sit down here. Have you any objection to put the shutter a little to?"

"There is no sun," I answered; "but if the light is too much for your eyes, exclude it if you please."

But Mrs. Cottrell would not approach the window herself, and I would not humour her in so silly a fancy, especially as it was getting rather dark, and I knew that it was to avoid the eyes of her son-in-law that she wanted to close the shutter. I was in no humour to indulge her in such nonsense.

"I heard of your husband's death whilst I was in India," said I, when we had been seated in silence a couple of minutes, I should think, and were beginning to feel awkward.

"Did you, indeed?" almost gasped Mrs. Cottrell; "and did you hear of nothing more?"

"Not whilst I was in the East," answered I. "A few years ago, when I tried all I could to discover you both, all I could gather was, that you had been in severe difficulties, but that a most charitable gentleman of the name of *Carpenter* had relieved you from them, having settled, I was told, an annuity upon you. I heard, too, that he was much attached either to you or your daughter, they could not tell me which. Is *Carpenter* the name of your son-in-law, or are you married to him yourself?"

"Neither the one nor the other," answered my former friend; but her voice seemed choked, and I perceived her lips turned exceedingly pale.

There was another very long pause. I felt my own heart pant with increased pulsation, but *why* it did so I could not have explained. Some of the finer instincts of my nature were, no doubt, at work within me; the grosser sense knew nothing whatever of their fine perceptions.

"I have most particular reasons, Mary," said Mrs. Cottrell, again trying to assume a look of interest for me, in which she utterly failed—"yes, very important reasons why, if you should ever become acquainted with the Major, my daughter's husband, that you should not mention the name of *Carpenter* to him; he was a little jealous of the attentions of that gentleman to Mary when he engaged my daughter to marry him some years ago. She then was little better than a child, and he only a captain. He used to send her the most elegant presents and the most delightful letters from India, yet, I assure you, I never thought it would be a match."

"If he sincerely loved your child, and was a man of honour, there could be no doubt of it," said I; "he seems deeply attached to her now, however."

"He loved her from the first moment he beheld her," said the mother, "and he dotes on her now almost to distraction. He purposes to go to India for another step of rank, and then return and enjoy his ample fortune and her society in his native county Worcestershire."

"Worcestershire!" said I, breathlessly; "what is his name?"

"Major ———," answered my visitor; "his christian name is Forbes."

"Good God!" said I, feeling my cheek turning very white; "what an extraordinary interview this is altogether."

"You know him, then?" enquired Mrs. Cottrell, with so keen a look of enquiry, that it seemed to cut me through, and at the same time to admonish me to be cautious myself in my reply.

"I knew a relation of his abroad," said I, striving to regain possession of my feelings. I did not choose to tell her that Major ———, her son-in-law, was the nephew and heir-at-law of my dear deceased husband; but the name I had repeated seemed to strike her ear strangely, without giving her any definite idea. She had forgotten all about me; all she knew was, that I had been married to some one, and had gone out to India; the rest was a chaos in her mind, yet still she seemed ashamed to own how very little she had interested herself about me.

"Your name at present is ———?" enquired she.

"Yes, Griffiths," said I, and I had most powerful reasons now, indeed, for keeping my real one concealed. My husband's nephew, then, he who inherited his estates, entailed on the male heir, he who would inherit also in due course of time if he lived, an appendage to his name, that men so much covet, this very nephew, then, was married to my god-daughter, and both of them lived *over the way*, perfectly unconscious, at least the nephew, that so near a connection was located just opposite.

It was now my turn to wish the shutters closed, not that I feared recognition from Major ——— (he had no knowledge of my person), but still I did not like his eye upon me, so I rang immediately for candles, and ordered the curtains to be drawn.

"I cannot stay longer now," said Mrs. Cottrell; "let me entreat you to be cautious, should you fall in with the Major, not to say much

respecting days long past, family connections, and all that ; and never, let me conjure you, mention the name of *Carpenter* in his hearing, or indeed in Mary's."

"When shall I see her?" I asked, at that moment thinking only of the tiny creature I once held in my arms, with a small quilted white satin bonnet on, and petticoats at least three times longer than herself.

"Shall I bring her over to you to-morrow morning?" asked Mrs. Cottrell ; "the Major, I know, is going then to the Horse Guards, and she can spend an hour with you, without fear of his knowing it."

"It is a bad thing," said I, "to have concealments of any kind from a husband : and, for such a trifle as this, it seems to me a perfect folly : but be it as you will ;" for, I recollect, just then, that I was quite as anxious to avoid the Major as his mother-in-law was to keep us from each other. So she departed with the promise, that on the succeeding day, about twelve, she would present my god-child and my namesake Mary to me.

Little sleep got I that night ; I was troubled, like Martha of old, about many things. I had many misgivings about my beautiful niece that I could not define. I could not endure her mother, who could do nothing, it seemed to me, straight forward. I had watched her even as she went from my house the evening preceding ; she had darted across the way like a hunted hare, in the first instance, and had concealed herself under the balcony of No. 49, her own domicile, until my door had slapped to ; then, giving herself a minute's time, or more, she had stolen softly through the little front garden, into the open street again, taken a short turn, and then boldly returned, making a noise with the garden gate, and looking up with a smiling face to the first-floor windows. I saw her nod to the Major, who had been attracted to the window by the studied rattle she had made on entering with the slide-lock of the gate ; she proceeded, and gave a thundering rap at the street door. I saw this comedy enacted from the window of my bed-room, whither I had hastened after her departure.

All this may appear as very trifling, but I saw more in it ; here was *art, design, manœuvring*, and for what purpose ? That was beyond my power to discover, but my heart asked, as I thought, to what a being was my little, tender, bleating lamb entrusted—the poor innocent whom I had pledged myself before God to watch over and protect. Can it be wondered at that I passed a sleepless night ?

I selected one or two trifles the next day as presents for my godchild, but how inadequate were they to express the thrilling interest I felt for her ! "*I must talk to her alone,*" said I, "for, under the influence of that fiend-like mother, I can learn nothing of her real character. How is it possible she can be anything but artful with such an example as she has had ever before her !"

Between twelve and one the mother and daughter arrived ; and it was with fond affection that I gave to that most beautiful young creature a tender caress. I never yet could analyse the cause of many of my emotions ; they seem to me beyond the power of definition—something *occult* and *mystic* about them. But are we not both one and the other ourselves ?

"Mary," said I, trying to restrain my tears, "you were a sweet, unconscious blossom when I last beheld you."

"Would that I had ever been so, madam," was the thrilling reply. "Children are very happy beings, and very innocent."

"And are not *you* happy, my sweet god-child?" asked I. The question was a gratuitous one; I knew that she was *not* so, and the tears that rushed into her fine eyes were a confirmation of that knowledge, had I needed it.

"*Happy!*" broke in the odious, because most insincere mother; "has she not everything to make her so? Well married, with a handsome, loving husband! Going out like a princess to India! Such beautiful dresses! Such elegant ornaments! She is one of the most fortunate girls alive!"

Alas! Mary herself did not look so. Those dark-fringed eyes of her's had a melancholy in them that could not be mistaken. Gentle she seemed, as well as suffering; a being that could be played on, that had not energy enough to turn away the hand that afflicted it. How did I long to have her five minutes to myself!

"Mary!" cried I, with strong emotion, "would to heaven that I had known you throughout your youthful days; that you had grown up under my wing, and been to me as a daughter!"

"Would to heaven that I had!" responded the poor creature, with an emotion equal to my own; but there was a frown, dark and admonitory, on the mother's brow: it coerced the child, and she remained mute, and, as it were, her mind collapsed.

"Mother!" thought I; "can such a being as this be worthy of such a title! She is a tyrant, and not a mother."

"We must not stay too long," said Mrs. Cottrell, in an imperious voice; "the Major may return before the hour he mentioned, and it is better not to——"

"Mamma!" exclaimed poor Mary, "we have not been here half an hour as yet; indulge me with a little more intercourse with one I am sure I should have loved, could I but have known her from my infancy. I shall soon leave you both, and—and—England for ever. Yes, *for ever*; for I feel, mother, that I shall never return;"—and, overcome by some secret source of sorrow, she threw her arms suddenly round my neck, and sobbed aloud.

"You promised not to be a fool, Mary," ejaculated Mrs. Cottrell, in a very gentle voice. "If I could have foreseen this scene, you never should have come. Now, *he* will see the redness of your eyes, and then he will begin to suspect something. Pray do not weep in that stupid manner."

"Let her alone a few moments," cried I, folding her fondly to my bosom. O how did I wish then that she had been my daughter instead of her's—how I would have cherished her.

Impatiently did Mrs. Cottrell await the time I specified, going often to the windows to see if the Major had returned. Mary at length revived; I gave her my little offerings, and kissed her fair forehead, with a trepidation, that I could not account for, and then the mother and child departed.

How infatuated did I become after this interview about my lovely

namesake! I felt inclined even to offer myself to accompany her to India, only that I might have the pleasure of her company, of seeing those expressive eyes beaming with a daughter's love upon me—but this could not be; so I contented myself with *purchasing* from her avaricious mother—(yes, actually *purchasing*, by means of expensive presents)—the privilege of spending as much time with her daughter as could be safely done, without coming into contact with the Major; but I have good reasons for knowing that he was fully aware of those clandestine visitings of ours; and that it gave him great pain to find there was such a want of candour and openness in the character of the woman he so tenderly loved. That he attributed such conduct in a great measure to the covert and wily influence of the mother, I am also well assured; yet still he was much hurt, and inwardly consoled, that he should so soon remove his beloved wife from such pernicious example, when, he fondly trusted, his Mary, affectionate and gentle as he knew her to be, would soon get rid of this shade, this blemish on her character, he now so keenly deplored.

With a precaution that did him honour, I have since found out, that the Major made most strict enquiries in the neighbourhood as to the entire respectability of the lady *over the way*, with whom his wife and her intriguing mother-in-law had so suddenly become intimate. Satisfied most fully in this particular, his wonder must have increased as to why they should both be so silent as to any acquaintance; why also Mrs. Griffiths herself should always disappear when his knock was heard at the door; why his Mary should hurry home from the house opposite always a few minutes before she expected his return.

Love is sometimes most ingenious in forming excuses for the object of its affection; at other times equally as expert in self-tormenting. If I were disposed, I could most clearly make out, that the votaries of *la belle passion* were divided into these two classes, namely, *The Extenuators* and *The Accusers*. We have now the *philosophy* of the most trifling things, gravely put forth by writers, and as gravely perused by the public—(who, by the by, will swallow anything, if properly honeyed over)—why then should there not be the philosophy of love, duly treated of, and the *heart* of the lover or husband, as minutely *mapped out* and labelled as are the *heads* of all the distinguished personages in Christendom.

The equipment of Major ——— and his lady was now finished, and sent on board "The Malcolm," proceeding direct to Calcutta. The ship was expected to *drop down* to Gravesend in a day or two: the passengers were to join her at Portsmouth. I knew every step of these proceedings, and indeed could think of nothing but the approaching departure of my much-loved godchild, when I saw the general postman knock at the door of No. 49. What of that? The Major and his family received letters every day; yet, and I cannot account for it, I felt strange and uncomfortable, as I saw the servant take this one letter in, and proceed with it to the dining-room, where the Major was reading by himself, the ladies being up stairs. I kept my eyes fixed upon him, veiling my person from his view by the white muslin drapery of my windows.

I saw him look curiously at the direction, and after that break the seal. I saw him start and strike his forehead with his clenched hand.

I saw him pace up and down the room, with steps like a maniac; stop, and gaze wildly around him. I became alarmed. He was the nephew of my husband, and I could not endure to behold his agonies. "What can have happened?" I exclaimed aloud. I turned to look at him again; he had snatched up a pen, and was writing; watched him anxiously; he enclosed the letter he had just received, or, at least, I fancied it was the same, in the sheet of paper on which he had written; he threw it on the table with much vehemence, again struck his forehead, and then rushed from the house with the speed of the insane.

I felt my lips quiver, my knees shake. "I can bear this no longer," said I; and, seizing my shawl, that was lying on the sofa, I ran over, without my bonnet, to my opposite friends. I mounted up stairs, without speaking a word, to the drawing-room; there lay the letter of the Major, still unopened, blotted and blurred, upon the table—not even was it wafered: it was directed, in a broken, irregular hand, to *Mrs. Cottrell*.

"I thought so," said I, aloud, "Here has been some horrid discovery—some machination of this plotting woman! God grant that poor Mary may not be made the *victim* of her mother's intriguing spirit!"

Both mother and daughter entered at this moment; the latter had been netting me a card-purse, and affectionately approached me to present it, as a parting memento of her regard, when a scream from Mrs. Cottrell drew our attention: she had read the letter, and fell into strong hysterics. How I do hate that noisy affection, which resembles, it seems to me, more *passion* than *malady*, and is so easily counterfeited, that I always look at it with most jealous eyes.

Mrs. Cottrell soon got over her fit of crying, laughing, choaking, and kicking, all mixed up together, and we knew but too soon after the contents of this fatal letter. These were the words of the enclosure:—

"Madam,—Read the enclosed, and judge the state of my feelings! I hasten to ascertain the *truth* or *falsehood* of the statement there made, and shall either return to the bosom of her I adore, cleansed of my suspicions, or she will see me no more. In pity keep this from *your daughter* until you see me or hear from me again."

"Mother! mother!" frantically shrieked out the wretched Mary, "then is *all* discovered? I knew it could not be concealed! I told you so a thousand times! This is all your doing, mother, and for *your* sake I shall perish! Oh, Mrs. Griffith, help me—comfort me! I have wronged him! *deceived* him! I am a wretch! a hypocrite! a false, false woman!"

Mrs. Siddons, in her personation of Belvidera, could not have surpassed the tragic pathos of this scene! It rived the heart of the beholder. There is a sublimity in extreme agony, that no one can gaze on without compassion. What could I say to such an appeal—what answer give to the anguish of those eyes, turned towards me helplessly imploring for assistance? "It may turn out better, dearest Mary, than you imagine," was all I could articulate; but then I could hold her hands in mine, kiss her pale, cold forehead, on which the *dew of death* seemed to have risen—drops wrung from the very extremity of nature's suffering.

"Read it, and judge for yourself," cried Mrs. Cottrell, who had resumed the letter, and was poring over its contents, herself as pale as

ashes. "Concealment is now out of the question; read it, and see if we can devise some means to defeat the malice of this anonymous enemy."

I read the following, and had nearly fainted:—

"Noble Major! you are a gallant fellow, and a brother officer: I cannot endure to see you so deceived. Go instantly, before you embark for India, go into Lincolnshire, to a small village called Merton, two miles from Gainsborough, enquire for a Mrs. Hutton there, not the lady in that fine stone house, who owns the manor, but Mrs. Hutton, near the chapel; she has a child she nurses there, who goes by the name of *Henry Sinclair*. That child is the *illegitimate offspring of your adored Mary and that villain Carpenter!* She was sold to him, for a *vile annuity*, when little more than a child herself, by her unprincipled mother, and this *after* her engagement to yourself! You are too noble a fellow to leave this unfortunate girl to starve, but she must not go out to India as your unspotted wife.—Yours, ANONYMOUS."

I held this appalling communication in my hand, but could not find the voice to say, "*And is this true?*" I saw it was; I felt it was, even in the innermost depths of my being. To have uttered a reproach to Mary then would have been like hurling a missile at a wretched malefactor standing on the scaffold, on the point of expiating his crimes by the severest punishment. I have heard that the lowest of the populace have thrown stones and offal *at such criminals* at such a moment; but I can only wonder and deplore the hardness of their stony hearts. The hour of suffering, from whatever cause it arises, is not the hour for reproaches. If there be a devil in a shape or form, whether like Milton's Satan, or the one of Coleridge, habited in blue and red, I think he would be too much of a *gentleman* to insult the miserable.

What a wretched history did I glean by snatches only during that most unhappy night, for I would not leave them. I gathered, that Mrs. Cottrell had entertained very little faith in the promises of the Major, then Captain, towards her child; that Carpenter had before made dishonourable proposals for her, and finding that Mary was now engaged, stopped his annual allowance to her mother. Poverty stared her in the face, and she had not courage to turn round and clutch the enemy, to wrestle with him, and deprive him of his sting. She knew no way to gain an honest livelihood, and would not seek to learn one. She had the baseness, therefore, to traffic with the rich and unworthy Carpenter for the innocence of her child. Disgust forbids me to give further details.

I learnt, with some amelioration of my grief for Mary's fall, that she would not continue to live a life of shame in Mr. Carpenter's home after her seduction and ruin. She escaped from it in despair, and fled, she hardly knew how, into the county of Lincolnshire, where she hoped to find a distant relation who would protect her; but death had carried off this her last hope of refuge. Her mother had traced her steps—had regained possession of her—a *most teasing* scene had ensued between them—but Mary would not return to the abode of infamy; so Carpenter, a libertine without a heart, weary of her reproaches and tears, sought some other victim.

After the birth of Mary's infant, born to her, indeed, in pain and sorrow, it was placed, by the intriguing mother, at the village of Merton,

as being far out of the way of all discovery; Carpenter paid an annual sum for the care of it, and as the woman had never seen its unhappy mother, there was this slender hope to cling to, that the Major, although he might and would trace out the child there living, yet he might not be able to identify it as having been borne by his wife, whom he had found on his return from India, to claim her as his affianced bride, living in modest retirement, and, it seemed to him, under the protection of her maternal parent (such a parent!) in the same county in which he had first beheld her.

I cannot exonerate my poor god-child from her share of blame in hiding, as she had done, all these most disgraceful circumstances from the knowledge of her confiding and constant lover; but Mary was naturally of a weak frame of mind, easily worked upon, and under the most malignant influence. She suffered, she told me, tortures inexpressible, when the Major expressed his alarm at seeing how pale and thin she had become; when he heaped every tenderness upon her; when he thanked her for preserving her faith to him *inviolata*. He never liked Mrs. Cottrell; so, whenever he by chance discovered any slight deviation from candour in the conduct of his Mary, he always made some allowances for such blemishes, and attributed them in a great degree to the designing mother.

Throughout the whole of the next day, we talked incessantly on the probable chances that remained for Mary's character being preserved to her husband, or, at least, held doubtful. I, too, had many qualms of conscience. To me they had each confessed that the child at Merton was decidedly the illegitimate one of that woman who was now the wife of my husband's nephew. I knew this fact. Ought I, then, supposing he returned unconvinced, hoping, nay, trusting, that the whole was a vile calumny invented by some anonymous enemy, perhaps by Carpenter himself, who, he knew, had been a great admirer of Miss Cottrell when he himself proposed to her, and might seek to destroy his wedded happiness,—ought I to be silent in the affair, suffer him to take to his bosom a polluted being, and thus become an accessory in deceiving him? I decided, at length, that if Mary should escape from full exposure through this visit into Lincolnshire by the alarmed husband, that I would not interfere; as I trusted, when wholly separated from the contamination and evil influence that had hitherto surrounded her, that no second lapse from virtue would ever take place.

In the meantime, the papers informed us, that the good ship *Malcolm*, with a regular surgeon on board, had proceeded down the river to Gravesend. A letter came from the broker of the vessel to say, that passengers must join the ship within the week at Portsmouth, or, if at Gravesend, immediately. The landlord of the house at Kensington had to be settled with—various tradespeople paid—bills pouring in, and small packages from all quarters—letters to be conveyed to India under the care of the Major—officers calling to take leave—and here was the principal absent from home at such a stirring time, and on what a research!

Description fails to give the faintest idea of what pangs were rending the bosom of my poor god-child all this time. She seemed as if paralysed—she could neither think or act. When I suggested to her that we would write such a letter to the Major, supposing that he knew the very

worst, as should seek to pacify his feelings—to plead with him the extreme youth of the repentant delinquent at the hour of her fall, and the arts that had been practised upon her;—when I urged all this to her, as being the last thing we could do; and I even offered to go myself to Portsmouth and see him before he sailed, if he wrote to say he would never behold his wife again; when I over and over again advised such a letter to be written by the hand of Mary, I might as well have tried to commune with a statue. She could not comprehend my meaning; she was incapable of writing a single line if it would have saved her life. Life! what cared she for life at that time, when it presented nothing but a blighted desert, every leaf and bud of confiding love withered to her for ever!

Even amidst all this agony of her child, the utter selfishness and heartlessness of the abominable mother was made manifest. Every thing of value in the house was carefully packed up, if the worst should come, that they might be removed at a moment's notice. The major's gold repeater, the silver inkstand—even his gold studs and pencil case, were put up ready to be carried off, besides, I have every reason to believe, a considerable sum of money he had by him in his writing desk, which he had left open in his fearful agitation. As I looked at her making her unfeeling preparations, I turned from her as from a fiend.

However slowly Time may pass away when pain and sorrow clog his footstep, still he *does* proceed. Days wore away; we received no tidings: a feather would have caused an alarm to the hapless wife, so wrought to extreme tension were her nerves. All her senses appeared consolidated in the one of *hearing*; they seemed gone to assist its agency, as blind people are aided by their sense of feeling. She could neither eat or sleep; but sat with her head upon my shoulder, holding one of my hands tightly within her own. I took an oath then, silently but solemnly, that never would I cease to protect that ill-used, suffering creature whilst I had breath, if she were abandoned by her husband.

Talk not to me of that overstrained virtue which would turn away from the despairing child of sorrow, because she has *once* sinned. Talk not to me of the cold usages of custom, and the heartless compact women tacitly hold with each other, that when a female has fallen from the sublime heights of angelic purity, as they call reputation, she is to be considered a *castaway* and a *reprobate* through life; that, in the language of Goldsmith,

“No tears can wash her guilt away.”

Let them not preach to me of such a *heresy*: the brighter our own chastity may be, the more can we afford to hold out a hand to a repentant Magdalene, to lead her back to the Redeemer's feet.

I must take a turn or two across the room to cool myself, I perceive, for I have worked myself up to a sad state by this outbreak. I have no patience with the canting hypocrisy I am obliged to hear about the “contamination” that a poor drooping, heart-broken creature is supposed to impart to the stiff-necked daughters of chastity. There is no taint so bad as a want of charity; no false step, if it has been repented of, half so disgraceful as unwomanly persecution to that woman who is not in heart nor general conduct vicious——

I have given vent to my indignation, and can resume the thread of my narrative, now drawing towards its close.

I have said that Time still advances, however slowly. He may seem to creep. Five days had now passed without any intelligence from the major, when Bridget brought me over a note that had been left for me at my own house by some stranger. I tore it open, and to my astonishment read the following words addressed to myself—the writer of them was the nephew of my husband:—

“Madam,—I am a stranger to you except by character, and I have learned yours, yet I am going to request a favour of you which may incur your displeasure—yet I must even risk it, for I am almost a distracted man; torn to pieces between contending passions—honour, pity, and (alas! I am obliged to own it) still remaining love!

“Circumstances have occurred that prevent me from taking over to India with me that lovely but unfortunate young woman with whom I find you are acquainted;—the woman I have married. I can see her face no more: tears blot my paper; you will perceive their traces as I write this irrevocable decree.

“I cannot leave England and her for ever without some care for her future wants, without some provision for —. Madam, pardon me, my feelings overpower me. It is possible that my frail, my too yielding Mary, may be pregnant even now, and I, the father of *that* child at least, divided from her both by oceans and imperious honour. Her mother is (God pardon me!) the vilest wretch that breathes on earth!—Mary shall not live under her care nor in her sight. To you I bequeath my wife and (should I not be mistaken) my future offspring. Protect them both. No means shall be wanting to this end. Say that you will accept this trust, and you will give the only consolation that is left on earth to the wretched

FORBES —.

“P. S. I shall wait at Knightsbridge for a line from you by the bearer;—then be off instantly by post-chaise to Portsmouth, and then to India with the arrow rankling in my heart. A remittance shall follow this. Tell Mary I will bless her before I quit the shores of England—and you too if you will be kind to her.”

“It is from him—it is from my injured Forbes!” exclaimed Mary, clasping her hands together, and falling on her knees before me: and there she knelt, pale and unconscious; for as she spoke the last word she fainted, or rather, her limbs grew rigid as if in a state of catalepsy.

“Is all discovered, then?” inquired Mrs. Cottrell. I could not answer her, but put the letter I had received into her hands, and turned my attention to her daughter, whose state seemed to me most alarming.

When she had been removed to the sofa, I asked if the messenger still waited; and finding that he was below, I said aloud, merely from the impulse of uncontrollable excitement, “Then I will accompany him: I will see Major — myself, and endeavour to soften his present purpose. Give me my bonnet and shawl, Bridget; *run over for a clean pair of gloves*, and tell the messenger to call a coach this moment”—even at this moment I could not forego my habit of attending scrupulously to my dress.

I left Mrs. Cottrell muttering to herself over the contents of her son-in-law’s letter, especially that part of it which called her “the vilest wretch that breathed on earth.” “You may save yourself the

trouble, madam," she called out to me as I was departing; "I know Major ——'s temper better than you do, and you will never alter his determination."

"Never, never!" came also in a smothered voice from the sofa; "but bless her, heaven, for the attempt. She will at least *see* him, tell him of my wretchedness, and receive for me his promised blessing!" I heard no more, but saw her, poor thing, clasping her husband's letter to her bosom, which, I suppose, she must have been recovered enough to have read over, from her last words.

I had an interview with Major —— at Knightsbridge, and it was a terrible one! I know not what I said;—how I argued in poor Mary's behalf. We were both nearly torn to pieces by our emotions. He had no conception of our relationship, nor did I think at all of my own pride and present situation then. To gain some point for poor Mary was my only thought; and I so far succeeded, that if she became a mother, and had completely separated herself from her own; if I could then assert with truth and honour that I believed she never more would use deception; that she languished to behold the father of her child, her husband; then I had his permission to accompany her myself to India, when he would receive her with affection, and never more mention her past misconduct.

He wrung my hand as we parted; gave me an order on his agent; sprang into the post-chaise that waited for him, with his handkerchief held to his eyes, and his manly bosom convulsed with agony.

I found the major had appointed a person at Knightsbridge to settle all demands upon him with regard to the house at Kensington, and the tradesmen, &c. I had promised to receive Mary into my own, and to get rid of Mrs. Cottrell immediately; and this I was not reluctant to do.

It seemed to me on my return, that I had achieved very great things in gaining this concession from the major. I drove back to Kensington with a lightened heart; but what was my emotion on perceiving a crowd collected before my own door and that of No. 49: all were gazing in at the windows of the latter. A sickness of heart seized me; I knew that something dreadful had happened, and to my poor godchild. It was even so. After my departure she was seized with the sudden frenzy that she would go also, and intercede for pardon at the feet of her husband. Her mother had intercepted her flight; had followed her up stairs to her bedroom, when she flew thither in a state of utter distraction; and, without attempting to soothe her agonies, had vehemently represented to her that there could be no possible chance for her to find out the major, since the coach which bore me to him, and the messenger who was to guide me to him, were out of sight.

"I will believe nothing more you tell me," shrieked out the unfortunate Mary, losing all her natural gentleness in her high excitement. "Mother, you told me he never would return from India to redeem his promise! You persuaded me that my Forbes was insincere—mother, you have undone me! You have made me purchase an independence for yourself at the price of my own honour; and now, when I would fly to humble myself before the generous being you have caused me to injure so cruelly, you would prevent me. But no, I will defy you. I am

a wife as well as a daughter, and I will go to him. He is at Knightsbridge; I heard that; and I can find him out there!"

But Mrs. Cottrell still opposed her rushing down the stairs in pursuit of her husband, when, maddened by her feelings, the hapless Mary flung open the sash of one of the windows, and before she could be caught hold of, had jumped out into the little garden below, striking herself in her fall against the iron balcony of the drawing room. It broke her fall, or she must have been killed on the spot.

In what a state did I find my poor godchild! Bruised, insensible, bleeding from several wounds, and with a leg and arm fractured. She pitched, it seems, out upon a large laurustine bush in the garden, or death must have immediately supervened. She was lying on the sofa in the drawing room, and two surgeons, living in the immediate neighbourhood, were busily engaged in affording her what relief was in their power.

By that evening's post I addressed a hasty letter to the husband at Portsmouth, informing him of this fearful accident, and the manner in which Mary had met with it, not omitting her last words before she took this fatal leap, which one of the servants had repeated to me: they were as follows:—

"O that I could have had the resolution to do *before* what I am now doing! O that I had thrown myself headlong from a window to *avoid* one instead of seeking *another*."

I rightly calculated; for as soon as four horses could bring him, arrived the almost distracted husband, who, after he had seen his poor Mary, and inquired into the probable chances of her recovery, demanded eagerly of the medical attendants if they thought she could with safety be moved from her present abode to mine over the way, as he wished, he said, to leave her entirely under my care.

This was accomplished according to his wish: he then wrote a laconic note to Mrs. Cottrell, saying he did not wish *his wife* to be any longer under her influence, and that his house in Kensington would be immediately shut up.

Thus literally turned out, the intriguing mother set off in great dudgeon for Devonshire, to report her wrongs no doubt to the infamous Mr. Carpenter, her coadjutor. I have never seen her since.

The entire pardon and never-ceasing affection of her husband produced the most calming effects upon the mind and injuries of my poor godchild. The major being a military man, could only obtain two months' extended leave of absence; and when he did set off to India, his lady was nearly convalescent, but not well enough to accompany him.

During the twelvemonth Mary resided under my roof, I had full opportunities of witnessing her real disposition when away from the pernicious influence of Mrs. Cottrell: a more amiable, gentle, loving being never existed; and, if I may venture to say, without offending the scrupulous fastidiousness of the *virtuous overmuch*, she by her latter conduct redeemed the errors of her extreme youth.

Major —, on account of this early indiscretion of his wife, which, although not publicly known, yet, from the anonymous letter, seemed to have transpired to some brother officer, sold out of the army, and retired to Geneva, where he established himself in one of those enchanting

cottages near the beautiful lake of that name, not far from Vervay, where he is as happy with his Mary as any being in this sublunary state can be.

There are thousands of men who would have thrown this flower for ever from their bosoms, on account of the stain it had received whilst it was in the bud. Every person must act by their own ideas of honour; but I never can believe that my husband's nephew, the gallant and noble Forbes, has tarnished his by his forgiveness of his beautiful and truly penitent Mary.—Did he not take her at the altar "*for better and for worse?*"

THE CHARACTER OF GROTIUS.

BY FRANCIS BARHAM, ESQ.

THE late Charles Butler, as learned and worthy a man as ever yet did honour to the English bar, always delighted in biography. The writing of the lives of great characters was his most favourite amusement; and he had both wit and wisdom enough to choose the characters well which he meant to illustrate. For where again shall we find men superior to Bossuet and Fenelon, the noblest lights of France? or dearer than Erasmus and Grotius, the boast and glory of Holland?

All these men were philosophers of the highest class. In the vast and comprehensive circle of their characteristics, we find those of the saint, the sage, the scholar, the politician, the wit, and the poet, all included and bound up. They possessed in an eminent degree that unity and universality of character which wins the admiration of all particular parties, just because it embraces all their varieties, and harmonises all their contradictions.

It is the evident interest of society to set forth the names of Christian philosophers like these, to hold them up to honour and veneration, and to give them as much moral influence in church and state as possible; for we may be sure, that in proportion as that moral influence extends, so true piety, virtue, wisdom, and harmony will prevail, and the discord and buffoonery of parties be swept away.

It is for this reason that we once more bring Grotius on the stage. His life has been written by Burigny, Butler, and others with great fidelity and exactness. It must be owned, however, that his biographers have rather excelled in minuteness of detail than in that philosophical and moral estimate of character which is certainly the most useful part of biography.

We propose, therefore, to take a wider survey and estimate of Grotius, his character, and his works, than has yet been taken. We shall consider him mainly in the religious, political, and philosophical relations he bore to his own age and to ours, and we shall develop his poetical abilities pretty extensively by a translation of the greatest curiosity in modern literature, namely, his ADAMUS

EXUL, the drama which laid the foundation of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

The bearings of Grotius's character on the days we live in are very marked and extensive. He was the greatest man of his age, and that age closely resembled our own for ecclesiastical and civil controversies and disturbances. The part that Grotius played in the complicated plot of European politics has been greatly extolled and admired; and we are sure that the illustration of his character and conduct may at present have a very beneficial effect on all who choose to investigate them.

The study of character has always appeared to us the most important and interesting study that can occupy our attention. It is in accordance with this notion that Pope exclaims,

"The proper study of mankind is man."

And this is to be undertaken not merely for the sake of indulging the idle curiosity of a man of the world, who delights in the exhibition of human character in its endless varieties, just as he enjoys the exhibitions of a theatre, but with the serious purpose and design of discovering those characters and characteristics which are in themselves most excellent, and which include the greatest number of moral and intellectual desiderata.

Now, in this pursuit of the perfect character, he will of course turn his first attention to that Eternal Model of all possible perfection, who is the author and finisher of his faith. He will find a noble display of divine characteristics in the evangelical fathers and leaders of our church; and most especially will he know the names of those illustrious men who are fairly entitled to the designation of Christian philosophers.

These, leaving the direct preaching of religion in the hands of faithful ecclesiastics, have in all times endeavoured to realise the perfections of our faith in its application to philosophy, science, literature, and politics, and the general interests of patriotism and philanthropy.

These men have exhibited so true, so full, so beautiful a picture of sound Christian character, illumined with knowledge, refined by affection, and diversified by art, that they have won the admiration of their own age and all posterity. They have succeeded more prosperously than any other class in developing in glorious harmony and symmetrical proportion all the elements of our moral and intellectual nature; they have attained the full and perfect stature of the soul's manhood; their magnanimity has shone out in all their words and actions, and stamped imperishable greatness on their names and their memories.

The Christian philosopher is indisputably the highest style of man, the most absolute and unquestionable specimen of the true dignity of our nature. The men who combine in their own mental realisation all the excellencies of Christian character and faith, with all the excellencies of philosophic research and discipline, are distinctly the intellectual kings of the nations: they share the immortal

sovereignty of Jesus Christ. These are the men whose characters stand the test of all human experience, who come out like refined gold from the fiery trial of ages, while all the rest shrink into comparative insignificance. True and perfect greatness is the unity of the Christian character. This is the sole rock on which lasting fame can be built. Those who build on the fallacious sand of popular applause may wear for a while a false and partial renown, but they are hasting with no tardy steps to ruin and infamy.

Grotius, when once possessed of the philosophic principle of reconciliation, perceived that by its guidance he might do much to reunite churches and states. He saw that the same truth might, nay, must, have different relations in proportion as it was elaborated; and that thus an essential harmony might exist, and might be restored among the very parties who held their opinions as irreconcilable.

Grotius was born at Delft, 1583. He had naturally a sublime genius and most amiable dispositions. He has generally been considered the first man of his age, just because he combined in himself almost all the merits of his predecessors, and displayed a grand harmony of moral and intellectual perfections rarely if ever equalled.

The very elevation of Christian philosophy in Grotius—the very amplitude of his views—have hindered no less men than Owen and Baxter from appreciating him judiciously. He endeavoured to re-unite the fragments of truth scattered among all parties, and thus had the honour to displease every party that wished to make him its exclusive proselyte.

It is pleasing to record the fact, that Grotius professed his preference for the conciliatory system of religion, as expounded by Erasmus, his illustrious exemplar. He was disposed to conciliate all the pious Roman Catholics, as well as the Protestants, and the more because others were endeavouring to augment ecclesiastical dissensions. And while he inwardly cherished evangelical truth, he endeavoured, in the majestic liberty with which the truth had made him free, to extend the same liberty of conscience and civil privilege to the Arminians. He only joined the Arminian party in order to reconcile them to the orthodox system of the Church, and establish their national rights, which seemed to be endangered.

But whether Grotius were inclined to Arminianism or not in his earlier or later years, he extended religious toleration so freely to other religious parties, as much to perplex the less philosophic minds of his cotemporaries. Thus the religion of Grotius became a problem to many, which Baxter endeavoured in vain to solve. Menage wrote an epigram on this occasion, which really conveys a very fine compliment, under the mask of satire, the sense of which is, that as many different sects claimed his religion as there were towns which contended for the birth of Homer.

“Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Argos, Athenæ,
Siderei certant vatis de patria Homeri,
Grotiadæ certant de religione, Socinus,
Arrius, Arminius, Calvinus, Roma, Lutherus.”

"Papists, Lutherans, Arminians,
Arians, Calvinists, Socinians,
All contend for Grotius' name,
All conspire to raise his fame."

The great design of Grotius' life—a design worthy his vast intelligence—was so to combine Christianity and philosophy, revelation and learning, that their united efficacy might blend all churches and states into philanthropic and patriotic harmony. This noble cause, with which all human happiness and hope are essentially connected, was ever predominant in the mind of Grotius. His fixed and inextinguishable devotion to this cause, is a proof of the unrivalled greatness of his genius and the boundlessness of his views. This it is which gives all his elaborate writings so deep and impressive an interest. We can never sufficiently admire the art by which he mingles this inspiring purpose with a thousand scholastic passages that appear superfluous or insignificant to ordinary readers. But Grotius was no less a philosopher than a lawyer, and he knew how to keep his own counsel; he knew that truth must be revealed by degrees; he knew what his age could bear.

This is the key to the character of Hugo Grotius. His biographers, Burigny and Butler, were well aware of it. Those who possessed this key knew how to appreciate him. His professed followers, Selden, Hale, and Milton, knew well enough what Grotius meant in his exposition of the Apocalypse, and his universal scheme of reconciliation. The great secret of Christian philosophy gained ground among his disciples, and will do so more and more.

The world is already impatient for the publication of a work of which the following prospectus has appeared:—

"A Life of HUGO GROTIUS, developing, from the most authentic sources, his Private and Political Life; the Transactions in which he and some of the great Men of his time were engaged; the State of Parties, their Origin, and the Events to which they gave rise. By ROBERT and WILLIAM BALLINGALL.

"The perusal of a life of Grotius, in Dutch, differing from the accounts of him hitherto published in French or English, suggested to the authors the idea of giving to the English reader a new history of this great man. It was begun while they resided in the Netherlands, continued at intervals during hours of leisure, and, upon the occurrence of the political changes in Belgium which interrupted their usual pursuits, it was resumed as a means of usefully employing time.

"The work is intended to present Grotius to the English reader as he is represented to his countrymen by the Dutch historians of his life. Among these, Caspar Brandt, and his continuator, Cattenburgh, occupy the most distinguished place; and their Life of Grotius is regarded in Holland as the best that has yet appeared. Brandt enjoyed the peculiar advantage of being furnished, by the grandson of Grotius, governor of Bergen-op-Zoom, with the manuscript papers of his learned ancestor, and with the private correspondence between him and his friends in the Dutch language. To

might ever grow more full of assurance; and that they should so glory in their increasing unanimity, as that the slander of gainsayers might be heard no longer.

"Nothing delighted me more than the beauty and loveliness of this ancient Catholic and universal Church, in an age when all Christians, free from perturbations and anxieties, were gathered in one harmony of affection from the Rhine even to Africa and Egypt, from Britain even to Euphrates, yea and still further.

"When I saw so fair a spectacle marred and well nigh obliterated, how I lamented the schisms and convulsions that have ravaged so illustrious a society.

"How sadly have the epistles of Paul and Clement to the Corinthians, and the writings of Optatus and Augustine against the Dolatists been perpetually illustrated from that time downwards.

"Then I bethought me again, and again, how the ancestors and fathers of me and my brethren were righteous men and honourable, to superstition and to vice most opposite, and well instructing their families in the worship of God, and in all neighbourly good will. Men whose departure from this life I ever deemed blessed and desirable. Among these, I especially reverence the name of that great theologian the elder Junius, so just and moderate a divine, that less philosophical protestants spoke ill of his life and cursed his memory.

"At length I understood more fully, both from the books and the conversations of our elders, that men had arisen who stated that the Catholic Church and the Protestant differed altogether in principles no less than in practice; and that these not merely deserted the ancient community without endeavouring to bring about reconciliation by the removal of ungrateful abuses, but some, even before their excommunication instituted novel congregations, which they ventured to nominate Churches, and in these appointed new-fashioned presbyteries, and administered irregular sacraments, and that in many places against all the edicts of the kings and bishops, saying forsooth, by way of defence, that they had authority from heaven like the apostles of old, and that they ought to obey God rather than men.

"Neither did their audacity stop here. They traduced kings as idolators, and popes as slaves, stirred up the people in armed assemblies to conspire against their magistrates, and to break the images of the saints, and to overthrow the altars of sanctity, and finally to take arms against all regal authority.

"I perceived by these things, that much Christian blood was spilt in vain contentions, and that popular morals were by no means amended; nay how the people, harassed and enraged with prolonged hostilities, contracted many foreign vices unheard-of before.

"As my age advanced, I felt my compassion daily augmented by the renewal of such calamities, and I began to consider the causes of all these evils in my own bosom, and in the converse of philosophic friendship.

"Those who had seceded in order to defend their conduct, loudly

asserted that the Church doctrine, such as was generally professed, was corrupted by many heresies and by much idolatry.

"This answer excited me to institute an enquiry into the ancient and veritable doctrines of the Catholic Church, in their original simplicity. I read the books written on both sides of the question. I perused our modern writings on the present state and doctrines of the Greek Church, and of those that adhered to her in Asia, and in Egypt. I found in the East the same doctrines prevailing as those confirmed in the West by the universal councils. On all that respected the regulation of the Church (except the papal controversies) and of the perpetual administration of the sacraments, on all these they hold the same sentiments.

"I then proceeded yet further, and read the principal writers of this ancient age, whether Greek or Latin; among whom were the African and Gallican. Those of the three first and brightest centuries I perused fervently and frequently. The later writers likewise, so far as they bore on the question, especially Chrysostom and Jerome, and the more as they are accounted very skilful in expounding the words of Scripture.

"To all these writings I applied the rules of Vincent of Lerins, a native of Gaul, of the fifth century, which are generally approved by the learned, where all things that can be collected for the testimony of the ancients, from the relics which have come into our hands are most diligently elaborated and discussed. Most of these I found still subsisting in the Catholic Church.

"At the same time I beheld that many dogmas had been introduced by the schools, haply more sagacious in Aristotle's philosophy than in the sacred Scriptures or the writings of those ancients, who have best illustrated the Christian religion; and this by a certain license of argumentation, rather than by the authority of the universal councils.

"The real doctrines of these councils have been by no means justly explained by these scholastic theologians. Moreover, among the rulers of the Church, pride, avarice, and ill-example gradually obtained; so that they appeared little solicitous for those doctrines which tend most to the people's good, or to correct the popular vices; and so ignorance arose, and then superstition, the scourge and avenger of human errors.

"Obscured by these clouds and vapours, the Church doctrine is partially concealed from observation, and partially distained with so many conflicting colours, that its original simplicity is hardly recognisable.

"I judged, therefore, that this and this alone was the true cause why a reformation had been earnestly desired for so many ages, that is, a repurgation of Church doctrine, as well from the disputations of scholastics, as from the clouds of licentiousness which have thus overshadowed its loveliness: and wherefore the public complaints of kings and sages being found vain and unfruitful, they at length ventured to separate themselves from papal authority, and to reform themselves after their own fashion.

"This, however, could never succeed as they desired, for their

confessions differ in different places and induce mutual opposition, and the new partitions could never coalesce with sincerity, but so many new dissenters sprung up every day, that no man alive would undertake to number or count them. And as this new brood is exceeding fruitful, as every one believes he has as good a right to coin his own creed as his neighbour before him, it is probable that innumerable schismatics will yet arise.

"All this displeased me beyond measure, especially when I saw that these new leaders of new parties carried their vote rather by riotous clamour than by any solid argument, and so I turned me to the reading of such authors who live apart in divine communions, devoting their talent rather to heal than to aggravate our dissensions.

"When I had given myself up to this study, I found that all insisted upon one point, viz. that as the ancient doctrine was originally well constituted, and has never sustained essential interruption, so the main desideratum is the removal of those impediments. I have described as well *useless substitutes* as *fraudulent practices*, which either tend to conceal the true doctrine altogether, or give it a false character.

"But that this may be effected so as to conciliate all parties, we think such a method is to be pursued, as accords with universal and not with particular interests.

"Now three modes of conciliation present themselves to our notice: 1. The authority of some eminent pope: 2. A universal council legitimately elected from the diverse nations: 3. The king's direction to his bishops to settle their claims with the catholic church, severally and respectively.

"In accomplishing this most desirable object, I conferred with many eminent men, partly theologians, partly politicians, as well those that adhere to the Roman see, as those who had departed from it; and I found them of the same opinion as the writers of the books I have mentioned.

"But as this object, no less fair and amicable than difficult and arduous, requires the assistance of many, not of the first alone, but also of the second and third order, so that reason may be corroborated by reason, and the united agreement of many worthies may defeat the contumacy of polemics and stimulate the obduracy of worldlings, I imagined, that, as much of my life had been spent on the writings of those who love peace better than contention, I might well collect for the service of posterity the fruits of those labours.

"And as I was aware that Casaubon, and other great men, had warmly recommended that book, which that most philosophic divine George Cassander wrote at the express command of the pious emperors Ferdinand and Maximilian, I deemed it more advisable to republish this treatise with corroborative arguments, than to produce an entirely new work.

"This labour has by no means displeased the scholars of France, whether they choose to entitle themselves catholics or reformers. I have also received favourable testimonies from other quarters; but as for the assemblies of Holland, I expected nothing propitious

from them, and I was not deceived. No sooner had my book appeared, but immediately a multitude of antagonists started against me, and, as is usual with the Dutch, with as much clamour and din as if Hannibal himself thundered at their gates.

"Among these, by no means the mildest, I will not say the rudest, inasmuch as he excelled the rest in real or imaginary dignity, came forward against me, Rivetus. To his animadversions, I replied by other animadversions. He returned me his 'Examen,' and I conclude the controversy with the present 'Votum.' I have endeavoured to compose this plea in a more orderly manner than my former letters on the subject, and have followed the arrangements of Cassander in every article. I now come to my prolegomena.

"How sincerely Rivetus loves me, may be collected from the fact of his having accused me to the foreign ambassadors of a grievous heresy, for no other reason than that I answered the letters of some worthy Socinians, and that he takes every thing I say in the most unfavourable possible light.

"For me, I would never deny the common offices of humanity even to a pagan if he were to write to me, and would behave as Basil, in a similar situation, behaved to his pagan master Libanius. But how the man is moved by the very name of peace, these writings evince, as well of the bitter invective of the very noble Theophilus Mileterius, and that article containing his adjudications, which he composed on six pious and erudite men, who were bold enough to oppose themselves to the rage of the dissensients in order to promote the cause of peace.

"As the Hollanders who were condemned in the Synod of Dort, and were afterwards banished from their land, they hold the same opinions as Melancthon, which had many defenders in those parts, and as the rulers confess, they made not the first secession, but their adversaries.

"The authority of the Roman bishop would not have seemed so formidable to Joseph Hall, as to induce him to reject every hope of reconciliation, if he had known how prompt is the method in France and Spain, by which papal encroachments are checked, and the rights of kings and bishops preserved from invasion; or if he had considered, however, that the king of Britain uses no more authority over ecclesiastical persons and property than the king of Sicily."

Such is the strain of argument in this treatise, *Votum pro Pace*: which is very similar to that of Erasmus on the same subject.

Certainly there was no man of his age that so immensely strengthened the cause of the syncretists as Grotius. He is, perhaps, the most brilliant star of the syncretic constellation—a constellation of the brightest intelligences that have ever glittered over Europe. Grotius forms a luminous centre of syncretism. He was preceded by Erasmus, Cassander, and Calixtus, and followed by Leibnitz, Wolff, and Le Clerc. The designs of these syncretists can never be too much extolled. Their motto was: "One God and Father of

all, who is above all, and through all, and in all; one Lord, one faith, one baptism."

We can imagine no moral spectacle more noble than that of the majestic mind of Grotius pursuing his heroic course under every discouragement of circumstance, and the calumny, abuse, and neglect of his jealous cotemporaries. He realises all the dignity of the "*justum et tenacem propositi verum*"—the severe sublimity of self-immolating virtue. He saw the perils that surrounded him, and braved them unflinching.

He expected (says his biographer) that his works, which were compiled solely with a view to promote union among Christians, would procure him many enemies; and he said, on this occasion, that for persons to endeavour to make mankind live in peace was commendable, that they might indeed expect a recompense from the blessed Peace-maker, but that they had great reason to apprehend the same fate with those who, attempting to part two combatants, receive blows from both; but if it should so happen, I shall comfort myself with the example of him who said, "If I please men, I am not the servant of Christ."

One of the very few laymen who understood Grotius thoroughly, by the finer sympathy of genius, was Milton. To Grotius, Milton's high and independent mind acknowledged the filial reverence he vouchsafed to no other contemporary. To the Christian philosophy of Grotius he looked with veneration; his political views, his learning, his poetry, were all the subjects of his early delight and emulation; and in the *ADAMUS EXUL* of Grotius we find the germ of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Two centuries ago, in an era which was as an antitype of the present for the gigantic efforts which the human mind put forth in its enthusiasm for universal truth, and its aspirations for purest liberty, and no less distinguished for impious atheism and revolutionary licentiousness, it pleased God to raise up this man, most profusely endowed with all the faculties deemed divinest in our nature, and prompt to exert them all in their truest possible offices.

The more we reflect on Grotius, the more shall we be inclined to view him in this light,—as a heaven-prepared model of finest character for men of these latter times. In him were most exquisitely united the celestial spirit of devotion, with every attribute of scientific or sentimental excellence—the holiest genius of Christian philosophy, blended with all that literature and poetry could offer of subordinate adornment.

Grotius's character has been much canvassed and much misunderstood; in fact, though simple in the elements of its greatness, it became complicate by the prodigious variety of its processes and relations. In theology he was an Athanasian, for he held, in the divine unity, a trinity of divine faculties, hypostases, and powers. He asserted that the divine Logos existed eternally in co-essential union with the Deity, and this independently of and prior to his assumption of the filial character and all the relations of sonship, and his procession with the Holy Spirit to create the worlds. His

religious views were those of Erasmus, Cassander, Calixtus, and the Syncretists. In philosophy he was a Platonist or Eclectic. In politics he was a Conservative, or constitutional reformer, though his sweeping and violent reforms of the dreadful abuses of his age have not seldom exposed him to the fate of being classed with the impious democrats his soul abhorred.

The transcendent superiority of Grotius' mind consisted in the sacred universality of his genius: that majestic and almost magical power, by which his unviolated conscience, ever solemnised by spiritual veneration, and glowing with sanctified enthusiasm, commanded all nature and art to render to revelation unceasing homage and obedience, can never be sufficiently admired.

It was fortunate for Grotius that he lived in the brightest age of England's history, in the days of her Christian philosophers,—the days of More, Cudworth, Rust, Glanvil, Ashmole, Fludd, and Selden. We mention these names particularly among many others of the same period, because they succeeded in reconciling the saving doctrines of our faith with those universal elements of divine philosophy, mythologic initiation, and intellectual freemasonry in general. We therefore rank these men somewhat higher in the great scale of philosophy than their august competitors in the popular and exoteric science, Bacon, Newton, Boyle, and Clarendon.

Such were the men that made the age of Grotius illustrious. He saw that the unity of truth was well nigh demolished, and that the power of truth was broken in the same ratio as its unity. In restoring the unity of truth his heroism was noble. He perceived at once that the link which was wanting to connect revelation with all human sciences and arts was the divine philosophy, so antique and occult, touching the metaphysical relations of things handed down in the initiations. To restore this indispensable link, he entered boldly on the whole mystery and history of cabalistic and mythological lore; he recalled the thrilling secrets of the traditional science of sciences; he showed how far its profound and recondite doctrines really assisted the mind in tracing the intelligible properties of things, and how far they were vain and preposterous. In doing this he lifted the veil that hangs over that branch of divine philosophy usually termed speculative freemasonry, and illustrated the majestic doctrines that lie hid beneath its venerable though fantastic formalities.

But, after all, the achievements for which Grotius was most popularly celebrated were those of universal literature and poetry. Here his surprising merits are more prominently conspicuous, and may be more easily delineated to the public notice. We shall soon produce some striking illustrations of them.

Four things did Grotius accomplish in literature, either of which should entitle him to immortality. In his treatise on *The Truth of Christianity*, he has made an invincible demonstration of our religion; in his *Prayer for Peace* he laid the broadest foundations of that truly catholic and apostolic policy which alone can make nations prosperous; in his *Rights of Peace and War* he established peace as the grandest desideratum of philanthropical statesmen, and reduced

the horrors of war to the most mitigated aspect; finally, in his *Adamus Exul*, the proudest monument of his country's poetry, he formed the prototype and prepared the advent of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

THE SECOND PART OF GÖTHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED INTO RHYTHMICAL PROSE BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

(Continued from page 200.)

(*War tumult in the Orchestra, at last passing over into clear, military tunes.*)

The Rival Emperor's tent, throne, rich furniture.

Havequick. Speedbooty.

Speedbooty. So then we are the first come here.

Havequick. No raven flies as swift as we.

Speedbooty. O what a treasure here is heaped!
Where to begin? where to leave off?

Havequick. So full is filled the space entire!
I know not whereon I shall seize.

Speedbooty. For me the tapestry would be right,
My couch is often very bad.

Havequick. Here hangs a mighty club of steel,
For such a thing I long have wished.

Speedbooty. This mantle red with golden hem,
Of such a thing I've often dreamed.

Havequick (taking the weapon.)

With this the business soon is done,
We strike him dead, and then pass on.
Thou hast already much packed up,
And yet have taken nothing right.
Come, leave your plunder in its place,
One of these chests, come, carry forth!
This is the host's intended pay,
And in its belly is pure gold.
This is indeed a murderous weight!
I cannot bear it, cannot lift.

Havequick. Duck thyself, quickly! Thou must bend thee!
Upon your back so strong I'll place it.

Speedbooty. O dear! O dear! 'tis over quite.
The weight will break my back in two.

(*The chest falls and flies open.*)

Havequick. There lies the ruddy gold in heaps,
Come quickly now and scrape it up.

Speedbooty (stoops down).

Gather it to my bosom, swift !
There 's still enough to satisfy.

Havequick. And thus enough ! Now, then, be quick !

(*Speedbooty rises up*).

O dear ! your apron has a hole !
Where'er you go, where'er you stand,
You 're sowing treasures lavishly.

Halberdiers (of our Emperor).

What do you in this hallowed place ?
Why rummage in the Emperor's wealth ?

Havequick. We sold our limbs at a cheap rate,
And now we take our share of spoil.
'Tis custom in the hostile tent,—
And we,—why we are soldiers too.

Halberdiers. That 's not the way in our host :
Soldier at once and thieving throng ;
Whoever to our Emperor comes,
He must an honest soldier be.

Havequick. We know already *honesty*,
For that is *contribution* called.
On equal footing are ye all.
Give here ! This is the trade's first greet.

(*To Speedbooty*).

Make haste, and off with what you 've got ;
For welcome guests we are not here.

First Halberdier.

Tell me, why did'st not give at once
To the bold rascal a hard blow ?

Second. I know not ; gone was all my power.
They had so spectral-like a look.

Third. There was something bad about my eyes,
They glimmered ; I saw not aright.

Fourth. I cannot tell you how I feel ;
Through the whole day it was so hot,
So awful, sultry, and so close ;
The one—he stood, the other fell,
One marched on, and still did strike,
The foeman fell at every blow ;
Our eyes were covered as with crape ;
It buzzed, roared, hissed about our ear ;
So went it on, and now we 're here,
And still we know not how 'twas done.

Enter Emperor with four princes ; the Halberdiers retire.

Emperor.

Be it then as it will ! For us is won the battle,
 The foeman's scattered flight o'er the flat plain is pouring.
 Here stands the empty throne, the traitor's treasure here,
 By tapestries veiled about, narrows the place around.
 We, honourful, by our own body-guards defended,
 Expect in Emperor's style the heralds of the nations ;
 Hither from every side a joyful message comes,
 In peace the kingdom is, and subject joyfully.
 And if with our fight conjoined has been some magic,
 Yet at the last we have, we, we alone, content
 To those who combat oft full many chances come,
 From heaven falls a stone, on foemen raineth blood,
 In rocky hollows sounds a mighty wondrous clanging,
 Which our courage raise ; the enemy's bosom narrow.
 The one—the vanquished fell, with quick renewed mock,
 The victor as he boasts praises the favoring God,
 And all with him will join, there needeth no commanding :
 " Lord God, we praise thee now ; " from throats a hundred thousand.
 Now for the highest praise, my pious look I turn,
 Which rarely was done before, to my own bosom back.
 A young and joyous prince his day entire may squander,
 For years will teach him soon the importance of the moment.
 Therefore, without delay will I myself ally
 With you, four worthy peers, fair kingdom, house and court.

(To the first).

By thee, O prince, was found the army's prudent station,
 And in the crisis, too, heroic bold discretion ;
 Therefore work thou in peace, as may the times require ;
 Marshall by heritage thou, to thee I give the sword.

Hereditary-Marshall.

Thy faithful host, till now employed in the interior,
 When thee upon the bounds and thy throne it hath strengthened,
 Then be it granted us, at festive throng, in the hall
 Of thy large father-tower, thy feasting to array :
 I 'll bear it bright before thee, and at thy side I 'll hold it ;
 The eternal comrade e'er of majesty the highest.

Emperor (to the second).

Thou who hast shown thyself a valiant courteous man,
 Thou be Archchamberlain, the duties are not light.
 Thou art the governor of all the house attendants,
 In whose eternal strife I find but evil servants ;
 In honour placed, henceforth shall thy example be
 How one may please the Lord, the court, and all men well.

Archchamberlain.

The master's noble thought it brings to grace to further,
 Ever the best to aid, not even the bad to injure,
 Clear to be without craft, quiet without deceit !
 If thou see through me, sire, for me 'tis quite enough.

And dare my fancy now to that great feast stretch forward ?
When thou to table goest, I hand the golden basin,
Thy rings for thee I'll hold, that in thy pleasure-hour
Thy hand may be refreshed, while gladdens me the sight.

Emperor.

Too serious now I feel to think of festive seasons,
Yet be it ! it requires a joyful glad beginning.

(To the third).

Archsewer, thee I choose, and therefore from henceforth
The hunt, the poultry-yard, and farm shall subject be ;
Let me have always choice of all my favourite dishes
As them the season brings, and carefully prepare them.

Archsewer.

Stern fasting be for me the duty pleasantest,
Until before thee placed the dish shall please thee well.
The kitchen service shall with me e'er be united,
The far to draw a-near, the season on to hasten.
Thee charm not early things which on the table shine,
Nor far, but powerful and simple things thou lov'st.

Emperor (to the fourth).

Since now inevitably of feasts alone we're treating,
Thou, youthful hero, shalt to cupbearer be turned ;
Arch-cupbearer, take care that our cellar be
In richest sort henceforth provided with good wine.
But be thou moderate, nor be to cheerfulness
Misled by the allurement which the convenience giveth.

Archcupbearer.

My Emperor, youth itself, if one but trusteth it,
E'er we can perceive, is up to manhood grown.
To that great festival for change myself I'll carry ;
To th' Emperor's buffet I'll give most grand adornment.
With vessels of great splendour, of gold and silver too ;
For thee I'll choose beforehand the loveliest of all cups.
A clear Venetian glass, within which pleasure lurketh,
The wine its taste shall strengthen, the senses ne'er disturbing.
To such a wond'rous treasure one often trusts too much ;
Thy moderation, master, protects thee even more.

Emperor.

What in this earnest-hour to you I here have promised,
With trust receive ye from a mouth that is full certain.
The Emperor's word is great, and every gift ensures,
For confirmation still the noble writ it needs,
It needs a signature. These to prepare in order
I see the proper man, at the proper hour approaching.

(Enter the Archbishop.)

Emperor.

If e'er a vault itself to the key-stone trusted hath,
Then 'tis with safety built for everlasting time.
Thou seest four princes here ! Just now we have decided

That which security for house and court hath furthered.
 But now whate'er the land within it cherisheth,
 Be with its power and weight, trusted to number five.
 In lands shall they indeed before all others glitter,
 Therefore I'll widen now the bounds of the possession,
 From their inheritance who from us turned away.
 To you, ye faithful ones, I promise many a land,
 Also the lofty right, if e'er the time should grant it,
 Through heirdom, purchase, change, in largeness to extend it ;
 In chief 'tis granted you, to use, and undisturbed,
 Whatever right belongs to you lords of the land.
 Decisive judgments will to you fall out as judges,
 Appeal shall be worth nought from your high situations.
 Tribute, and tax, and tithe, fief, safe conduct, and toll,
 Duty on mines, and salt, and mint to you belongs.
 For here my gratitude in fulness manifesting,
 I have upraised you all to majesty the nearest.

Archbishop.

In name of all be given thee deepest thanks,
 Thou makest us strong and firm, confirmest too our power.

Emperor.

To you five I will give still greater, higher honours.
 Still live I for my realm, and still to live have pleasure ;
 Yet chains of boding deep draw contemplating looks
 From keenest activeness unto the threatening back.
 In *His* good time shall I from you, my friends, be sundered,
 My follower to name shall be your lofty duty.
 At the holy altar crown him, and raise him highly up,
 And what was once so stormy, shall then in peace conclude.

Archchancellor.

With pride within their breasts, but humble in their gestures,
 Princes before thee bow, the first upon earth's surface.
 As long as our true blood in the full veins shall stir,
 We are the bodies which thy will shall lightly move.

Emperor.

And, now to end it, be ye, what we before determined,
 For all futurity by writ and sign confirmed.
 Ye have indeed possession as lords all fully free,
 On this condition, that it ne'er divided be.
 And howe'er that increase which ye from us have taken,
 That shall your eldest son receive in equal measure.

Archchancellor.

Then straight to parchment I with pleasure will entrust,
 The realm and us to profit, this statute weightiest ;
 With writing pure, and seal the chancery shall be busied.
 With holy signature, thou, master, wilt confirm it.

Emperor.

Now I dismiss you all, that on the mighty day
 Collective you may meet, and all deliberate.

(The temporal princes withdraw.)

The Spiritual Prince (remains and speaks pathetically).

The chancellor has gone, yet still remains the bishop,
With earnest warning soul compelled to thy presence !
With sorrow about thee fears his paternal heart.

Emperor.

What sorrow hast thou in this joyful hour ? say !

Archbishop.

With what a bitter pain in this season do I find thee
Place thy high, holy head with Satan in alliance ;
Indeed, as it appears, confirmed upon thy throne,
But ah ! of God the Lord and Father Pope in scorn.
If he should hear of this, he'll quickly judge and punish,
With holy beam destroy thy sinfulness of kingdoms.
For he will ne'er forget how thou, in highest time,
Thy coronation-day, the sorcerer didst set free.
Out from thy diadem, of Christendom the inj'ry,
Struck on a head accursed the first bright ray of mercy.
Yet beat upon thy breast, and from thy ill-gained spoil
Give to the sanctuary back a moderate whet.
The broad and hilly space where late thy tent was standing,
Where wicked spirits joined for thy protection,
Thou to the prince of lies didst lend a hearkening ear,
Piously taught, for holy purpose set that spot aside.
With hill and thickest wood, as far as they're extending,
With heights which green themselves for constant pasturage cover,
And clear lakes rich in fish, and brooklets without end,
As winding hastily they fall down to the vale.
Then the broad vale itself with grounds, and plains, and meadows ;
Let thy repentance speak, and then thou wilt find mercy.

Emperor.

I am so deeply frightened by my grievous fault,
By thy own measure let the bounds be fixed by thee.

Archbishop.

Firstly, the desecrated ground where so thou sinnedst,
Shall to God's service instantly be dedicated.
Swiftly in mind I see strong towering walls arise ;
The sheen of the morning sun already gilds the choir ;
Into a cross the rising building spreads and broadens,
Lengthens the nave heightened to joy of all believers ;
Ardent they 're streaming through the worthy portal on,
Echoes the bell's first sound through hill and lowly vale ;
From the high towers it sounds which strive to heaven upward ;
To it the penitent comes to gain new life within it.
At the great consecration-day—may it soon come !
The highest ornament will thy great presence be.

Emperor.

O, may a work so great of pious mind give evidence,
To praise the Lord our God, and me from sin to liberate.
Enough ! Enough ! My feelings are already raised.

Archbishop.

As chancellor, decree and forms I will prepare.

Emperor.

A formal document, that to the church to render,
Give to me, and I with pleasure great will sign it.

Archbishop (takes leave, but turns back again at the door).

Thou to this work, as it proceeds, will dedicate
Collective land dues : tithes, and rents, and gifts
For ever. For a right support much wealth it needeth,
And heavy costs make careful supervision.
For the quick building upon such a desert place,
Thou must some gold present from out thy treasured spoil.
And next we want, for I cannot conceal it,
Some distant wood, lime, slates, such like materials.
The people, from the pulpit taught, these things will bear,
For him the church will bless who journeys her to serve. [Exit.

Emperor.

Heavy's the sin and great with which myself I've laden ;
These horrid sorcerers to sad passes bring me.

Archbishop (returns again with a very deep obeisance).

O, pardon, Sire, thou gav'st that very wicked man
The seashore of the realm ; yet these the ban will strike,
If thou grant'st not, to the high church repentant,
These too, the tithes, and gifts, and dues, and taxes.

Emperor (vexed).

The land is not yet there, broad in the sea it lies.

Archbishop.

For him who right and patience hath the time will come.
Sire, may thy word for us remain in its full powers !

Emperor (alone).

Next I might just as well make over the whole kingdom.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

Open Country.

Wanderer. Yes ! There are the darksome lindens,
There in all their age's strength.
And I shall again behold them,
After wanderings so long !
'Tis, O 'tis, the spot remembered,
'Tis the hut which me concealed,
When the storm-excited billow
Cast me forth upon those downs !
I would bless my host and hostess,
An honest pair with ready aid,
Which, in order now to meet me,
Even in those days were old.

Ah ! They were indeed good people !
Knock shall I, or call ? All hail !
If to-day still guest-receiving,
Good deeds' pleasure ye enjoy.

Baucis, (a very old woman).

Dear arriver ! Gently ! Gently !
Peace ! And let my husband rest ;
Of short waking the swift action
Gives to an old man long sleep.

Wanderer. Say ! Art thou here still, O mother,
To receive my thanks again,
As to what thou with thy husband
For the youth's life once did'st do ?
Art thou Baucis, who refreshedst
Busily the half-dead mouth ?

(The husband enters.)

Thou, Philemon, who so strongly
From the waves my treasure dragged'st ?
By your fire's sudden blazing,
And your bell's small silvery tone,
Of that horrible adventure
Was the solving given to you.
And now let me, forward stepping,
Look upon the boundless sea ;
Let me kneel, and let me pray too,
For my bosom's sore oppressed.

(He strides forth over the downs.)

Philemon to Baucis.

Hasten now to deck the table
Mid the garden's cheerful bloom.
Let him run and be astonished ;
He will ne'er believe his sight.

(following him.)

Philemon (standing near the wanderer.)

That which raging you maltreated
Wave on wave, and foaming wild,
See, as garden is now treated,
Picture see of Paradise.
Older, I was not so ready,
Not so helpful as before ;
And with my strength disappearing,
Far the billowing wave retired.
Servants bold of prudent masters
Ditches dug, and dammed it in,
The rights of the sea decreasing,
Masters in its place to be.
Verdant fields behold, and meadows,
Pastures, gardens, village, wood.
But approach and take refreshment,
For the sun will soon decline.

Sails are moving in the distance,
 Nightly harbour sure they seek,—
 Aye the birds their nest remember,
 For still is the harbour there.
 Thus in distance thou beholdest
 What was once the sea's blue hem,
 Right and left, in all its broadness,
 Now a close be-peopled space.

(The three at table in the garden.)

Baucis (to the stranger).

Wilt thou speak not? And no morsel
 Bring'st thou to thy famished mouth?

Philemon. He would like to hear the wonder—
 Tell 't, thou lovest it to tell.

Baucis. Well! A wonder then has happened!
 Still it leaves me not at rest;
 For the whole affair occurred not
 Honestly to me it seems.

Philemon. Can the sin be with the emperor,
 Who the shore on him bestowed?
 Did a herald not announce it
 Trumpeting as by he passed?
 Not from our downs far distant
 Did they take their footing first,
 Tents and huts! And soon a palace
 On the sward itself upraised.

Baucis. Worked in vain the men by daylight,
 With hatchet, shovel, stroke on stroke;
 Where the flames by night were swarming
 On the next day stood a dam.
 Human offerings must have perished,
 Nightly rose the cry of woe,
 Towards the sea flowed fire-glowings,
 There by morn was a canal.
 Godless is he, he desireth
 Our hut and our grove;
 Though he calls himself our neighbour,
 Yet his servants must we be.

Philemon. Yet he has a fair possession
 Offered us in his new land.

Baucis. Trust not thou the earth from water,
 Keep upon thy height thy place.

Philemon. Let us step into the chapel,
 To behold the sun's last glance.
 Let us ring, and pray, and worship!
 In our ancient God confide.

THE PALACE.

Vast ornamental garden, large straight canal.

Faust (in extreme old age, walking about, thinking.)

Lynceus, the tower-keeper (through his speaking-trumpet).

The sun sinks down, and the last vessels
Are sailing cheerful harbourward.
A large canoe seems now extending
Here to come on the canal.

The varied pennons joyous flutter,
And ready stand the unbending masts,
In thee the boatman thinks he's happy,
Thee pleasure greets at highest time.

(The bell sounds on the downs.)

Faust (starting.)

Accursed ringing! all too horrid
It wounds like a malicious shot;
Before me is my kingdom endless,
Behind vexatious grief provokes,
Reminds me by its envious sounding
My high possession is not clear,
The linden space, the embrownèd cottage,
The musty chapel is not mine.
And if I wish there to refresh me,
I shudder at the stranger shades,
Thorn to my eyes, thorn to my feet 'tis,
O were I far away from hence!

Tower-keeper (as above.)

How joyful sails the gay canoe
With the fresh evening breezes on!
And how its rapid course is piled
With chests, with bones, and with bags!

(A beautiful canoe, rich and gaily laden with the produce of foreign climes.)

Mephistopheles. The Three Mighty Ones.

Chorus. Here do we land
Here are we now
Hail to our master,
Our patron hail!

(They disembark, the goods are taken on shore.)

Mephistopheles.

And thus we have ourselves approved;
Content if us our patron praise.
Two ships alone we with us took,
With twenty we return to port.
And what great matters we have done,
That by our lading men may see.
The spirit frees the ocean free,
Who knows there what bethinking is!

The Second Part of Göthe's Faust.

A speedy gripe there only tells,
 We catch a fish, or catch a ship,
 And if we once are lords of three
 Then straight upon the fourth we seize.
 Then badly goes it for the fifth,
 If one has power, then one has right.
 We ask for the *what* ? and not the *how* ?
 Or else I don't know what's navigation:
 For war, and trade, and piracy
 Are three in one, not to be sundered.

The Three Mighty Ones.

No thank or hail!
 No hail or thank!
 As if we brought
 Our master stink!
 He makes a face
 Of great disgust;
 The kingly wealth
 Doth please him not.

Mephistopheles. Expect ye farther
 No reward,
 For ye have taken
 Of it your share.

The Mighty Ones. That is but for
 The tedious time,
 We 're all expecting
 An equal share.

Mephistopheles. First put in order,
 In room on room,
 These costly presents
 Together all.
 And when he steps
 To the rich sight
 And reckons all things
 With more care,
 He won't for certain
 Stingy be,
 And to the fleet will give
 Feast after feast,
 The varied birds will come to-morrow,
 For them I 'll make my best provision.

(The lading is removed).

Mephistopheles (to Faust).

With earnest brow, with gloomy look
 Thy lofty fortune thou receiv'st.
 Crowned the lofty wisdom is,
 The sea and shore are reconciled,
 The sea takes to their rapid path
 The ships with willingness from shore,

So that from thy palace here,
Thy arm embraces the whole world.
Here from this spot it did begin,
Here the first beam-made house did stand.
A little ditch was downward torn,
Where now the busy oar doth splash.
Thy lofty mind, thy people's industry
Hath earned the praise of sea and earth.
From here forth—

Faust.

Oh that cursèd *here* !

'Tis that disgusts and wearies me.
To thee experienced I must tell it,
Sting upon sting it gives my heart,
It is impossible to bear it !
And as I say 't I am ashamed.
The old ones there above should yield it,
Would that those lindens were my seat,
Those few trees, out of my possession
Spoil the possession of the world.
There would I, far to gaze aroun'd me,
From bough to bough erecting scaffolds,
Open a wide field for my sight,
All to behold which I have done,
With but one glance to overlook
The master-piece of human mind,
Employing with a prudent soul
The nation's broad won dwelling-place,
Thus are we men most hardly plagued :
In riches feeling what we want.
That small bell's sound, those lindens' smell
Surround me like a church and vault.
Here on this land the boundless will
Of the all-powerful doth split.
How shall I get it off my spirit ?
The small bell sounds and sets me fuming.

Mephistopheles.

Natural, such vexation great
Must thy existence poison quite,
Who can deny 't ! each noble ear
That clinging clanging must disgust.
And that accursed ding-dong ringing,
Clouding the cheerful evening heaven,
Mixes itself with each occurrence
From baptism even to the interring,
As if, between a ding and dong,
Our life were but a vanished dream.

Faust.

Resistance and dire selfishness
Make sorrowful the noblest gain,
That man through deep and angry pain,
Even of being just must tire.

Mephistopheles.

Why will you then yourself here trouble,
Have you not long been colonising?

Faust. Go then and to my presence bring them!
Thou knowest well the pretty farm
That for the old man I looked out.

Mephistopheles.

We'll bear them forth, and down we'll set them;
Again they'll stand ere they can look around them;
And when the force away hath past
A fair possession them will reconcile.

*(He gives a shrill whistle).**(Enter the Three).**Mephistopheles.*

Come! As the master gives command,
A great feast he'll to-morrow give.

The Three. Badly the old lord us received,
A feast abundant is our right.

Mephistopheles (to the spectators.)

What long ago was done is now,
Already Naboth's vineyard was.*

DEEP NIGHT.

Lynceus, the tower-keeper (singing on the watch-tower).

For gazing created,
For seeing placed here,
And sworn to this tower,
Me pleases the world.
I gaze on the distance,
I' the neighbourhood look,
On moon and on stars too,
On forest and deer.
And beauty eternal
In all of them see,
And as they have pleased me
Myself too I please.
Whate'er ye have gazed on,
Ye happiest eyes,
Be 't whatever it might be
It always was fair!
Not alone myself to pleasure
Am I here so highly placed;
What a shudder-causing horror

(Pause).

* 1 Kings xxi.

Threatens from the gloomy world !
Beams of sparkles see I spirting
Thro' the lindens' double night,
Ever stronger stirs the glowing,
By the passing breezes fanned.
Ah ! The inner cottage blazes,
Which before stood moist and mossy.
Quickest help will now be needed
And no rescue here is ready.
Ah ! Alas ! The good old people,
Formerly of fire so careful,
To the smoke will be a booty !
What a horrible adventure !
Flames are flaming, red in glowing
Stands the blackened mossy cottage,
Would the good ones could be rescued
From this hell so wildly blazing !
Tonguing lightnings light are rising,
Between leaves and between branches ;
Branches hard which burning flicker,
Swiftly glow, and then fall in.
O, my eyes, should ye behold this !
Must I so far-sighted be !
The small chapel falls together
From the branches' fall and weight ;
Winding are the tops already
Seized upon by pointed flames.
To the roots the stems are glowing,
Hollow, purple, red with fire. (*Long pause. Song*).
All that was to th' eye commended
Is with centuries gone by.

Faust (on the balcony towards the Downs).

From above what singing whimpering ?
The word is here, the tone too late,
My watchman grieves and me in spirit
Vexes this impatient deed.
Yet if the lindens are destroyèd
To horror of half-burnèd stems,
A height is soon made artificial
Far into boundless space to see.
There also see I the new dwelling,
Which holds within it that old pair,
Which, feeling this high-minded pity,
Joyful its latest days enjoys.

Mephistopheles and the Three (below).

Here at a perfect trot we come,
Pardon ! things went not kindly on.
We gave a knock, we gave a kick,
And yet they did not open it ;

We rattled it and still we kicked,
 And then the rotten door fell down;
 We cried aloud and threatened sore,
 But could not get a hearing there.
 And as it happens in such things
 They heard not, for they would not hear.
 No longer then did we delay
 But quickly cleared them off for thee.
 The pair—they were not troubled much,
 They fell exanimate with fear.
 A stranger, who was there ensconced,
 And would have fighting, was knocked down,
 In the short space of this wild fight,
 From coals which soon were round us strewed
 The straw caught fire—now blazes free
 As pile funereal to these three.

Faust. O that to me ye had been deaf!
 I wanted change not robbery.
 Your inconsiderate and wild stroke
 I curse it. Share it among you.

Chorus. The proverb old is sounding still:
 To force obedience willing give!
 If thou art brave and showest fight,
 Then venture house, court, and—thyself. (*Exeunt.*)

Faust (on the balcony.)
 The stars are hiding look and sheen,
 The fire sinks and scarcely shines;
 A rustling breeze is fanning me,
 And brings the smoke and vapours here.
 Commanded rash, too rashly done!
 What shadow-like is hovering on?

— — —
 MIDNIGHT.

Enter four grey women.

First. My name is Want.

Second. My name is Guilt.

Third. My name is Care.

Fourth. My name is Need.

Three of them.

The door is shut up and we cannot get in.
 There dwells a rich man, we may not go in.

Want. There shadow I turn.

Guilt. There I become nought.

Need. Their delicate faces from me they all turn.

Care. Ye, sisters, ye dare not, ye cannot go in,
But Care through the keyhole can easily creep.
(*Care disappears.*)

Want. Come, come, my sisters, withdraw you from hence.

Guilt. Quite near at thy side I'll ally me to thee.

Need. Quite near at your heels accompanies Need.

The Three together.

The clouds are approaching, the stars disappearing !
Behind there ! behind ! From the distance, the distance ;
There comes he, our brother, there comes he,—comes Death !

Faust (in the palace).

Four saw I come, three only go,
The sense of their discourse I could not comprehend.
It sounded so as they were saying——Need,
And then a gloomy rhyme straight followed—Death.*
Hollow the sound and with a spectral gloom.
I have not yet from it got free and clear.
Could I but from my path remove this magic,
And could I quite unlearn the words of sorcery,
And stand before thee, Nature, man alone,
Then were it worth my while a man to be.
That was I once, before I sought in darkness,
And curst myself and earth with word of error.
Now is the air of jugglery so full,
That no one knows how he may it avoid.
If a clear day smiles reasonably down,
In webs of dreams environs us the night ;
From the green fields we joyfully return,
A bird croaks, and what croaks he but mishap ?
By superstition soon and late ensnared,
It takes a form, and shows itself, and warns.
And frightened thus, we take our stand alone ;
Then creaks the door and no one entereth in.

(*Alarmed.*)

Is any here ?

Care. The question "Yes," demands !

Faust. And thou, who art thou then ?

Care. Here, once for all.

Faust. Withdraw thyself !

Care. I am in my right place.

Faust. (*first angry and then recovering himself, aside.*)

Take heed and see no magic word thou speak.

* The words for Need and Death in the German are *Noth* and *Tod*, which form a rhyme. This I think cannot be rendered in English.

Care. If no ear would hear my speaking
 In the heart I'd still be groaning;
 And with shape and figure changed
 Angry force I exercise.
 On the shore and on the billow
 A companion ever anxious;
 Ever found and never sought,
 As much flattered as accursed.
 Hast thou known care never yet?—

Faust. I have through this world only run;
 I by the lock have seized each joy and pleasure,
 What did not satisfy—I left it,
 That which fled from me I let go.
 I've only wished, only accomplished,
 And then again I've wished, and thus with force
 I have stormed through my life; first great and mighty;
 But now it wisely goes, goes on considerate.
 Sufficient now I know of this earth's globe.
 Our prospect to the realms above is hindered;
 Fool! whosoe'er directs his eyes there blinking,
 Fables there are beyond the clouds his fellows!
 Let him stand firm and let him look around;
 This world's not dumb to him who active is.
 Why need he to eternity to wander!
 That which he knoweth should be tangible.
 Thus should he wander through his earthly day;
 If spirits haunt still let him go his way;
 One will find onward striding woe and joy
 The other at each moment discontent.

Care. Him of whom I take possession
 All the world holds cannot profit,
 Darkness sinketh down eternal,
 And the sun nor sets nor rises,
 Though his outward sense be perfect,
 Yet within dwell obscurations.
 He cannot of all his treasures
 One alone hold in possession.
 Joy and woe are hurried to ennui,
 Mid satiety he hungers,
 Be it pleasure, be it torment,
 To the next day he defers it,
 Future only he expecteth,
 And is therefore never ready.

Faust. Cease thou! To me thou shalt not come!
 I will not to such folly listen.
 Away! thy evil litany
 Might even make of men the wisest foolish.

Care. Shall he go? or shall he come on?
 All decision's from him taken;

In the trodden pathway's middle
Groping each half-step he wavers.
Deeper still himself he loseth
Seeth all things more obliquely,
To others and himself a burden,
Taking breath, then suffocating ;
Not quite dead, and yet not living,
Not despairing, not submitting,
Such a never-changing rolling,
Painful "let" and "should" disgusting,
Now delivering, now oppressing,
Half a sleep, and bad refreshing,
Naileth him unto his station,
And for hell doth well prepare him.

Faust. Unblessèd spectres ! even thus ye treat
A thousand times the human generation ;
Even in different days ye change about
In dire confusion of enwoven sorrows.
I know, of demons one can scarce get rid,
The powerful spirit-bond cannot be sundered ;
And yet thy power, O Care, though strong it creep,—
For one I will not recognise it.

Care. Experience it, as swiftly now
I turn from thee with malediction !
Throughout their lives mankind are blind :
Be thou so, Faust, at the conclusion !—
(She breathes on him.)

Faust. (blind.)
The night seems pressing deep and deeper onward,
But yet within me shineth brilliant light ;
What I have thought I hasten to accomplish ;
The master's word alone can have a weight.
Up from your beds, ye vassals ! man by man !
Let me see prospering what I boldly planned—
Take up your tools, your shovels, spades lay hold of !
Your work instantaner must be finished.
To strict command quick industry,
Follows the fairest—best reward ;
This mighty business to accomplish,
For thousand hands one mind sufficeth.

(To be continued.)

A RESPONSE FROM AMERICA.*

WE have received from Boston the books quoted at the foot of this page, which, we perceive, are connected with a class of thinking that sufficiently interprets why they are sent to us. The spirit of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Thomas Carlyle, has spread beyond the Atlantic, and we hear the echoes thereof from afar. Among these books are some by Mr. Alcott, sent unconsciously that we had already seen them, and had in consequence, in our Prize Essay contained in the *EDUCATOR*, lately published by the Central Society of Education, mentioned their author with emphatic honour. Time sufficient has not elapsed for the transmission of that volume across the Atlantic, and therefore we are not indebted to that for the works before us. No! we are indebted to the Oration on Coleridge and the Lecture on Poetic Genius for their transmission. No sooner has time sufficient passed for the circulation in America of the *MONTHLY MAGAZINE*, under better auspices, than we are thus welcomed, as fellow-workers for good, by the apostles of human development in the New World.

We have long well known what influence by the elect of the school, in which we have matriculated, had been acquired over the growing intelligence of a rising country. We have rejoiced that the light of true philosophy had visited the unfettered intellect of a republican land; and while we rejoiced for their sakes, we regretted for our own, that similar principles received but slow acknowledgement under our own free institutions.

The leading article of the Fourth Number of the Boston Quarterly Review, would solve this enigma for us in its own way. It tells us, that the progress of civilisation and the association of men of letters is with the democracy. There is considerable brilliancy in this article. It tells us that the material world changes not—but that the intellectual world is subject to progress. Matter is passive—mind is active. There is a spirit in man—not in the privileged few; not in those of us only, who by the favour of Providence have

* The "Doctrine and Discipline of Human Culture," by A. Bronson Alcott. Boston. James Monroe and Company. 1836.

"Nature." Boston. James Monroe and Co. 1836.

An Oration delivered before the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society, at Cambridge, Aug. 31, 1837. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Second Edition. Boston. James Monroe and Co. 1838.

The Boston Quarterly Review, No. IV., October 1838. Contents—Progress of Civilisation—Carlyle's French Revolution—Alcott on Human Culture—Specimens of Foreign Literature—Democracy of Christianity—Abolition proceedings—An Address delivered before the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge, Sunday Evening, 15th July, 1838. By Ralph Waldo Emerson, &c. &c. Boston. Published by Benjamin H. Greene, 124, Washington Street. 1838.

been nursed in public schools, IT IS IN MAN ; it is the attribute of the race.

"Reason," proceeds the writer, "exists within every breast. I mean not that faculty which deduces inferences from the experience of the senses, but that higher faculty, which, from the infinite treasures of its own consciousness, originates truth, and assents to it by the force of intuitive evidence ; that faculty which raises us beyond the control of time and space, and gives us faith in things eternal and invisible. There is not the difference between one mind and another, which the pride of philosophy might conceive. To Plato or Aristotle, to Leibnitz and Locke, there was no faculty given, no intellectual function conceded, which did not belong to the meanest of their countrymen. In them there could not spring up a truth, which did not equally have its source in the mind of every one. They had not the power of creation : they could but reveal what God has implanted in the breast of every one. On their minds not a truth could dawn, of which the seed did not equally live in every heart."

It is for the natural equality of the human powers, not of human attainments that the Boston critic contends. The latter are capable of improvement and progress. But, if it be granted, that the gifts of mind and heart are universally diffused, if the sentiments of truth, justice, love, and beauty exist in every one, then it follows, as a necessary consequence, that the common judgement in politics, morals, character and taste, is the highest authority on earth, and the nearest possible approach to an infallible decision.

Such is a regular republican conclusion from the premises, in favour of public opinion. It must be conceded to the writer, that "Absolute error can have no existence in the public mind. Wherever you see men clustering together to form a party, you may be sure that however much error may be there, truth is there also. Apply this principle boldly ; it contains a lesson of candour, and a voice of encouragement. Yes, there never was a school of philosophy, nor a clan in the world of opinion, but carried along with it some important truth. To know the seminal principle of every prophet and leader of a sect, is to gather all the wisdom of the world."

We submit the above to our friend Alerist and his admirers. The following is a startling reflection.

"Who are the best judges in matters of taste ? Do you think the cultivated individual ? Undoubtedly not ; but the collective mind. The public is wiser than the wisest critic. In Athens, where the arts were carried to perfection, it was done when 'the fierce democracie' was in the ascendant ; the temple of Minerva and the works of Phidias were invented and perfected to please the common people. When Greece yielded to tyrants, her genius for excellence in arts expired ; or rather purity of taste disappeared ; because the artist then endeavoured to please the individual, and therefore humoured his caprice ; while before he had endeavoured to please the race."

After bringing down his instances to the present day, the reviewer concludes, that the fullest confidence may be put in the capacity of the human race for political advancement. The absence of the prejudices of the old world leaves to Americans the opportunity of consulting independent truth ; and man is left to apply the instinct of freedom to every social relation and public interest.

They have approached so near to nature, that they can hear her gentlest whispers ; they have made humanity their lawgiver and their oracle ; and, therefore, principles, which in Europe the wisest receive with distrust, are the common property of their public mind. The spirit of the nation receives and vivifies every great doctrine, of which the application is required : no matter how abstract it may be in theory, or how remote in its influence, the intelligence of the multitude embraces, comprehends, and enforces it. Freedom of mind, freedom of the seas, freedom of industry, each great truth is firmly grasped ; and wherever a great purpose has been held up, or a useful reform proposed, the national mind has calmly, steadily, and irresistibly pursued its aim.

To a certain extent, whatever the reason, the fact doubtless is so. We find in the *Boston Quarterly Review*, what in the *London Quarterly Review* we should look for in vain—a Review of Carlyle's French Revolution—a high-toned, wise and discriminating review ; and we know that she possesses, as we have shown in our *Educator Essay*, an unrivalled schoolmaster in Mr. Alcott. This gentleman's opinions on human culture are also canvassed in the number before us—well and impartially, and recommended, not however without certain mischievous reservations. The reason of this, as we learn not only from certain hints in the body of the review, but from a private letter, is, that notwithstanding the extolled tendency of the democratic mind to truth, Mr. Alcott is now suffering for truth's sake. It seems that those very inquiries which are quoted in our *Educator Essay* have brought him into trouble and want. The point is thus touched on in the review before us.

All the functions of the body, as we call them, but which are really functions of the soul, are holy, and should be early surrounded with holy and purifying associations : hence the Conversations in the volumes before us with the children, on the mysterious phenomena attending the production and birth of a new member to the human family, or what Mr. Alcott calls the Incarnation of Spirit,—Conversations which have caused him much reproach, and done him, for the moment, we fear, no little injury. His motives were pure and praiseworthy, and his theory seemed to require him to take the course he did, and he should not be censured ; but —

And then the writer puts the American prejudice, so ludicrously exhibited by Mrs. Trollope, in its strangest form. But we forbear to quote, where we must either blame or laugh.

On Mr. Alcott's *Conversations with Children*, we shall have something to say when we come to consider the great subject of education and the educator, and perhaps shall even make it the theme of a separate article—such as it deserves ; for the book is a miracle ! In the meantime, we shall, in this paper, say something on a little volume, which, from the style, we doubt not to be his, but which we now see for the first time, and which is entitled simply and boldly—

“N A T U R E,”

with this epigraph :—

Nature is but an image or imitation of wisdom, the last thing of the soul ; nature being a thing which doth only do, but not know. PLOTINUS.

This little work consists of eight short chapters, and an introduction altogether as brief. It begins manfully.

Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and Nature face to face; we, through their eyes: Why should not we also enjoy our original relation to the universe? Why should a man have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of them?

Yes—even to this demand the perusal of Coleridge and Wordsworth has excited the American mind: to it, it is a possibility. A direct revelation to these times! Has the old world lost the faith in it, and is it reserved for the new? "The Sun," says Alcott, truly, "shines to day also!"

The universe, according to Alcott, is composed of Nature and the Soul. Strictly speaking, therefore, all that is separate from us, all which philosophy distinguishes as the NOT ME, that is, both Nature and Art, all other men and my own body, must be ranked under this name, Nature.

He begins his contemplation of this Nature with recognising the beauty of the stars, and the reverence that, from their inaccessibility, we feel for them. "All natural objects" says he, "make a kindred impression, when the mind is open to their influence. Neither does the wisest man extort all her secrets, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected all the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood. Yet the delight that we feel in Nature is not owing to Nature. The delight resides in man, or in the harmony of him and Nature. To a man labouring under calamity, the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the creation."

We cannot read such passages, without recollecting *Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality* and *Coleridge's Ode on Dejection*.

The analysis of the rest of the Book is indicated in two sentences. "Whoever considers the final cause of the world, will discern a multitude of uses that enter as parts into that result. They all admit of being thrown into one of the following classes; *Commodity, Beauty, Language, and Discipline.*"

Commodity embraces our sensuous advantages.

Nature, in its ministry to man, is not only the material, but is also the process and the result. All the parts necessarily work into each other's hands for the profit of man. The wind sows the seed; the rain evaporates the seed; the wind blows the vapour to the field; the ice, on the other side of the planet, condenses rain on this; the rain feeds the plant; the plant feeds the animal; and thus the endless circulations of the divine charity nourish man.

The useful arts are but reproductions or new combinations by the wit of man, of the same natural benefactors. He no longer waits for favouring gales, but by means of steam, he realizes the fable of *Æolus's bag*, and carries the two and thirty winds in the boiler of his boat. To diminish friction, he paves the road with iron bars, and mounting a coach with a ship-load of men, ani-

mals and merchandise behind him, he darts through the country, from town to town, like an eagle or a swallow through the air. By the aggregate of these aids, how is the face of the world changed, from the era of Noah to that of Napoleon. The private poor man hath cities, ships, canals, bridges, built for him. He goes to the post office, and the human race run on his errands; to the book shop, and the human race read and write of all that happens for him; to the court-house, and nations repair his wrongs. He sets his house upon the road, and the human race go forth every morning, and shovel out the snow, and cut a path for him.

Beauty, the author considers in a three-fold manner.—The simple perception of natural forms—the mark that God sets upon virtue—and the relations of things to thought. Touching the second, we are told, that, in proportion to the energy of his thought and will, man takes up the world into himself. “All those things for which men plough, build, or sail, obey virtue;” said an ancient historian. “The winds and waves,” said Gibbon, “are always on the side of the ablest navigators.” So are the sun and moon, and all the stars of heaven. When a noble act is done,—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each, and look at them once in the deep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelried, in the High Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene, to the beauty of the deed? When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America;—before it the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane; the sea behind; and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around, can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the new world clothe his form with her palm-groves and savannahs to fit drapery? Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelope great actions. When Sir Harry Vane was dragged up the Tower-hill, sitting on a sled, to suffer death, as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him, “You never sate on so glorious a seat.” Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot Lord Russel to be drawn in an open coach, through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. “But,” to use the simple narrative of his biographer, “the multitude imagined they saw Liberty and Virtue sitting by his side.” In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Nature stretches out her arms to embrace man: only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and violet, and bind her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child: only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere. Homer, Pindar, Socrates, Phocion, associate themselves fitly in our memory with the whole geography and climate of Greece. The visible heavens and earth sympathise with Jesus. And in common life, who ever has seen a person of powerful character and happy genius, will have remarked how

easily he took all things along with him—the persons, the opinions, and the day—and Nature became ancillary to a man.

The love of beauty is Taste—the creation of beauty is Art.

In treating of language, the writer also considers it in threefold wise; *i. e.*

1. Words are signs of natural facts.
2. Particular natural facts are symbols of particular spiritual facts.
3. Nature is the symbol of spirits.

Whence it follows that nature is only the language of spirits.

This relation between the mind and matter is not fancied by some poets, but stands in the will of God, and so is free to be known of all men. It appears to men, or it does not appear. When in fortunate hours we ponder this miracle, the wise man doubts, if, at all other times, he is not blind and deaf;

“Can these things be,
And overcome us like a summer’s cloud,
Without our special wonder?”

for the universe becomes transparent, and the light of higher laws than its own shines through it. It is the standing problem which has exercised the wonder and the study of every fine genius since the world began, from the era of the Egyptians and the Brahmins, to that of Pythagoras, of Plato, of Bacon, of Leibnitz, of Swedenborg. There sits the sphinx at the road-side, and from age to age, as each prophet passes by, he tries his fortune at reading her riddle. There seems to be a necessity in spirit to manifest itself in material forms; and day and night, river and storm, beast and bird, acid and alkali, pre-exist in necessary ideas in the mind of God, and are what they are by virtue of preceding affections in the world of spirits. A fact is the end or last issue of spirits. The visible creation is the terminus or the circumference of the invisible world. “Material objects,” said a French philosopher, “are necessarily kinds of *scorie* of the substantial thoughts of the Creator, which must always preserve an exact relation to their first origin; in other words, visible nature must have a spiritual and moral side.”

From the significance of nature, is inferrible nature as a discipline—for the exercise of the understanding—the will—the reason—the conscience. But in all there is the same central unity. Also to the one end of discipline, all parts of Nature conspire. Is this end the final cause of the universe? and does not nature outwardly exist? “It is,” says Alcott, “a sufficient account of that appearance we call the world, that God will teach a human mind, and so makes it the receiver of a certain number of congruent sensations, which we call sun and moon, man and woman, house and trade. In my utter impotence to test the authenticity of the report of my senses, to know whether the impressions they make on me correspond with outlying objects, what difference does it make, whether Orion is up there in heaven, or some god paints the image in the firmament of the soul?” He would reduce all the apocalypse of the mind, without fear, since the active powers of man predominate so much over the reflective, as to induce him in general to resist with indignation, any hint that nature is more short-lived or mutable than spirit. Meanwhile, the best, the happiest moments of life, are those delicious awakenings of the higher powers, and the

reverential withdrawing of nature before its God, which happen to the idealist, who is both a philosopher and a poet.

Nature, speaking of spirit, suggests the absolute—it is a perpetual effect—a great shadow pointing always to the sun behind us. “Idealism saith matter is a phenomenon not a substance. Idealism acquaints us with the total disparity between the evidence of our non-being, and the evidence of the world’s being. The one is perfect, the other incapable of any assurance; the mind is a part of the nature of things; the world is a divine dream, from which we may presently awake to the glories and certainties of day.”

Spirit, according to Alcott, does not act upon us from without, that is, in space and time, but spiritually, or through ourselves. Therefore, that spirit, that is, the Supreme Being, does not build up nature around us, but puts it forth through us, as the life of the tree puts forth new branches and leaves through the pores of the old. As a plant upon the earth, so a man rests upon the bosom of God; he is nourished by unfailing fountains, and draws, at his need, inexhaustible power.

The highest reason is the truest—empirical science clouds the sight—the savant becomes unpoetic—the best-read naturalist is deficient in that knowledge which teaches the relations between things and thoughts. He has to learn that a guess is often more fruitful than an indisputable affirmation, and that a dream may let us deeper into the secret of nature than a hundred concerted experiments. Poetry, says Plato, comes nearer to vital truth than history.

Meditating which things, Alcott concludes his very excellent essay with some traditions of man and nature which, he says, a certain poet sang to him; and which, as they have always been in the world, and perhaps reappear to every bard, may be both history and prophecy.

The foundations of man are not in matter, but in spirit. But the element of spirit is eternity. To it, therefore, the longest series of events, the oldest chronologies are young and recent. In the cycle of the universal man, from which the known individuals proceed, centuries are points, and all history is but the epoch of one degradation.

We distrust and deny inwardly our sympathy with nature. We own and disown our relation to it by turns. We are, like Nebuchadnezzar, dethroned, bereft of reason, and eating grass like an ox. But who can set limits to the remedial force of spirit?

A man is a god in ruins. When men are innocent, life shall be longer, and shall pass into the immortal as gently as we awake from dreams. Now, the world would be insane and rabid, if these disorganizations should last for hundreds of years. It is kept in check by death and infancy. Infancy is the perpetual Messiah, which comes into the arms of fallen men, and pleads with them to return to paradise.

Man is the dwarf of himself. Once he was permeated and dissolved by spirit. He filled nature with his overflowing currents, out of him sprang the sun and moon; from man the sun; from woman the moon. The laws of his mind, the period of his actions, externised themselves into day and night, into the year and the seasons. But, having made for himself this huge shell, his waters retired; he no longer fills the veins and veinlets; he is shrunk to a drop. He sees that the structure still fits him, but fits him colossally. Say rather, once it fitted him, now it corresponds to him from far and on high. He adores timidly his own work. Now is man the follower of the sun, and woman the

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follower of the moon. Yet sometimes he starts in his slumber, and wonders at himself and his house, and muses strangely at the resemblance betwixt him and it. He perceives that if his law is still paramount, if still he have elemental power, "if his word is sterling yet in nature," it is not conscious power, it is not inferior but superior to his will. It is instinct. Thus my Orphic poet sang.

Alcott indulges in the liveliest hopes of man's prospects. Understanding and reason are ever reconquering nature, though inch by inch. The problem of restoring to the world original and eternal beauty, he finds is solved by the redemption of the soul. Prayer is a study of truth—a sally of the soul into the unfound infinite. No man ever prayed heartily without learning something. But when a faithful thinker, resolute to detach every object from personal relations, and see in the light of thought, shall, at the same time, kindle science with the fire of the holiest affections, then will God go forth anew into the creation.

Then shall come to pass what my poet said; "*Nature is not fixed but fluid.*" Spirit alters, moulds, makes it. The immobility or bruteness of nature is the absence of spirit; to pure spirit, it is fluid, it is volatile, it is obedient. Every spirit builds itself a house, and beyond its house a world, and beyond its world a heaven. Know then, that the world exists for you. For you the phenomena is perfect. What we are that only can we see. All that Adam had, all that Cæsar could, you have and can do. Adam called his house heaven and earth. Cæsar called his house Rome. You, perhaps, call yours a cobbler's trade, a hundred acres of ploughed land, or a scholar's garret. Yet line for line, and point for point, your dominion is as great as theirs, though without fine names. Build, therefore, your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold its great proportions. A correspondent revolution in things will attend the influx of the spirit. So fast will disagreeable appearances, swine, spiders, snakes, pests, mad-houses, prisons, enemies, vanish; they are temporary, and shall be no more seen. The odours and filths of nature the sun shall dry up and the wind exhale. As when the summer comes from the south, the snow-banks melt, and the face of the earth becomes green before it, so shall the advancing spirit create its ornaments along its path, and carry with it the beauty it visits, and the song which enchants it; it shall draw beautiful faces, and warm hearts, and wise discourse, and heroic acts around its way, until evil is no more seen. The kingdom of man over nature which cometh not with observation,—a dominion such as is now beyond his dream of God,—he shall enter without more wonder than the blind man feels who is gradually restored to perfect sight.

So much at present for Mr. Alcott. In regard to Mr. Emerson's *Oration*, we shall not imitate the *Boston Quarterly Review* on his *Address*, in being critical on the production. The *Address* was certainly remarkable as being delivered by a clergyman in a Divinity College to a class of young candidate preachers. The ethical rule laid down by Mr. Emerson is misinterpreted by the critic. The orator meant, not, by "Follow thy instincts" and "Obey thyself"—Follow thy inclinations—Live as thou listest; but the contrary. The inclinations are not man's self nor his instincts, but acts of rebellion against both—against man's true personality, and the moral laws within him.

The reviewer, however, sees in all this but a system of pure egotism, such as runs through the writings of Thomas Carlyle and Carlyle's poet, Göthe. Now such critics misunderstand the indivi-

dual good proposed by such authors. It is a good so deep and central as to be as one with the catholic spirit of humanity. It is the identity of the individual and the general. Hence can Mr. Emerson say with truth of the scholar, that "the instinct is sure, which prompts him to tell his brother what he thinks. He then learns, that in going down into the secrets of his own mind, he has descended into the secrets of all minds. He learns that he who has mastered any law in his private thoughts, is master to that extent of all men whose language he speaks, and of all into whose language his own can be translated. The poet, in utter solitude remembering his spontaneous thoughts and recording them, is found to have recorded that, which men in "cities vast" find true for them also. The orator distrusts at first the fitness of his frank confessions,—his want of knowledge of the persons he addresses,—until he finds that he is the complement of his hearers;—that they drink his words because he fulfils for them their own nature; the deeper he dives into his privatest, secretest presentiment, to his wonder he finds, this is the most acceptable, most public, and universally true. The people delight in it; the better part of every man feels, this is my music—this is myself."

We have invariably found in our experience, that democratic minds dislike above all things this doctrine. Wisdom with them resides in the multitude, not of councillors, but in the multitude as a multitude. They apprehend it as a result from the collision of minds, instead as the one spirit in the midst of every mind, whether two or three only or three thousand be gathered together.

The books before us shew that in America philosophy, relatively to a few minds, has travelled on the *à priori* road; but it was against the grain of public opinion nevertheless. It is some comfort, however, that in combating Mr. Emerson, Göthe, and Carlyle, the Boston reviewer uses Coleridge as his text book. We have the original of the following passage in our mind's eye.

The moral sentiment leads us up merely to universal order; the religious sentiment leads us up to God, the Father of universal order. Religious ideas always carry us into a region far above that of moral ideas. Religion gives the law to ethics, not ethics to religion. Religion is the communion of the soul with God, morality is merely the *cultus exterior*, the outward worship of God, the expression of the life of God in the soul; as James has it, "pure religion," external worship,—for so should we understand the original—"and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

It is well that the American mind can meet such a position with such an argument. It shows the influence exerted beyond the Atlantic by Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*, from which work the thought is borrowed. When shall we in England substitute that volume for Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*? The progress made in America will react on England—and this notice will not be in vain.*

* We have said in a previous article, that we cherish no literary jealousy, in proof of which, we have lent these Boston volumes to a critic in a contemporary Magazine for an article which will appear on the same day with this. Why not? Yet, we believe, that others would have acted on the *exclusive* system.

LIBRARY GLEANINGS.

THEOLOGY.

Twelve Sermons delivered in the New Temple of the Israelites, at Hamburgh, by Dr. Gotthold Salomon; translated from the German, by Anna Maria Goldsmid. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1839.

WHEN we first took this book into our hands, we blessed God! we blessed him that he had placed us in our present position just at this point of time—this dawn of a Catholic period, whose days shall be bright and long. Our heart leaped within us at a demonstration such as this, when an orthodox publisher could be obtained for a volume of Hebrew divinity. Here we have the Doctrine of the Father alone most lovingly, most attractingly set forth. Assuredly, many will realise the desire of the translator; many of her Christian countrymen *will* derive a better knowledge than they previously possessed of the actuating faith of the Jew. Until a recent period, she justly remarks, “when general attention has been in some degree directed to the subject, we were scarcely aware of the amount and extent of ignorance that prevailed as to the tenets of the Israelite,—of the misconceptions that had been formed concerning the duties enjoined on us by the Mosaic code. Of the erroneous opinions that have been lately, on more than one occasion, publicly expressed, the best refutation may be found in writings whose direct object is, not the correction of such misconceptions, but the religious and moral instruction of the sons and daughters of Israel. To such writings, and to these sermons among the number, I confidently ask the attention of the kindly and conscientious Christian.”

We are glad to find that the scriptural quotations are given, as corrected by Professor Hurwitz. Why is not the whole of the Old Testament put into his hands for retranslation?

We are much pleased with “Sermon I., The Path of Light, Isaiah xi. 5:—‘House of Jacob, come, let us walk in the Light of the Lord.’” This Israelite expositor of Scripture tells us that *light* is synonymous with *reason*. To walk in the Light of the Lord, is to use our reason in the examination of his Word—and is termed religious enlightenment. “When the dark clouds part, and the blue firmament is no longer hidden from our sight, we say *the sky clears up*. A human being whose inward reason is obscured and overcast; in whose mind confusion prevails; in whose intellect false and true notions are mingled; and who is subsequently enabled, by means of wise instruction, to separate the true from the false, and who ceases to be enveloped in the mists of error;—that man is *enlightened*, heaven has opened unto him the portals of day, and light and heat pervade the domain of night, at the call of reason—‘*Let there be light*’—‘*Light was!*’” “True religion is not a matter of memory, but the *occupier of the heart*; religious enlightenment relieves our spirit from *slavish dread* of worldly rulers; it points out to us the true end of our existence, and the true relation in which we stand to our Creator; and teaches us that to serve our brother is to serve God; to love our brother is also to love our heavenly Father. It teaches us, that a pure and true faith leads men by the cords of love, and bids us not to raise the sword of vengeance against those whose belief differs from ours, if they do but right, and fulfil their duties. It teaches us to seek to imitate our heavenly Father, who embraces all creation with the bond of love; who presses them fast to His parental heart, on which each of His children may pour out alike joy and sorrow, and there seek eternal repose. It teaches us, that between our future and our present being there exists the closest connection; that the former is but a continuation of the latter; that the degree of advancement which we reach here will determine our position in the world to come; and that he who voluntarily disregards the object of his existence while on earth, must not expect acceptance in heaven.”

The enlightenment of the march of intellect, however, the teacher altogether

repudiates. What some term enlightenment, he says, "is the love of ease, a disposition to sensuality, selfishness, ill-digested erudition drawn from impure sources, pride, self-interest, error, and darkness. Hence, the notion appears to them ridiculous that there should be something transcendent, something beyond the reach of their senses; yes, that what is invisible should be more powerful and glorious than what is visible. What they cannot see and hear, and taste and handle, is to them of little worth. The enlightenment of which *they* speak, should serve to make life agreeable. What did they? Ancient and venerable ordinances were rejected; even the most beneficial religious emotions were ridiculed as if they were unnecessary to their belief; as though they were so full of the spiritual that they needed the spiritual alone. Sensuality began to take the place of reason; and what was not in accordance with it was rejected, dismissed; for they regulated, as one of the wise men of old beautifully and truly says when speaking of a similar class, they regulated their understanding according to their desires, and not their desires according to their understanding."

Further,—“Is enlightenment to be rejected because the frivolous understand not its aim and end? No! ye shall learn to distinguish by their characteristics true and false enlightenment. Thee, O Holy One! I recognise, in that thou makest the race of man more virtuous, more humane, more truth-loving, more moderate, more modest, more indulgent to the faults of others, more watchful over their own defects! Thou rejectest not what is old and worthy of reverence; thou snatchest not, childlike, at the new; thou seekest only to distinguish what is hurtful and offensive to God and man, and to place in its stead what is worthier and more beneficial. Zeal without understanding, faith without virtue, piety without philanthropy, such dwell not in thy sight; such canst thou not endure. How differently does thy sister manifest herself! Proudly she lifts her head on high above all who will not follow after her: she renders her adherents more frivolous, more unprincipled, more selfish, and more immodest and immoderate in their demands. Without inquiry they reject the old, be it ever so venerable, ever so sacred; and blindly seize on the new, be it ever so pernicious and unholy, only because it glitters, and sparkles, and dazzles.”

In sentiments like these we recognise our own. Sermon II. is likewise to our liking. It is entitled, “The Prophet’s Spirit and Prophet’s Course!” You may judge a man by his desires, says the preacher; and his desire is that of Moses, Num. x. 1—2. “Would God that all the Lord’s people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them.” The world, he opines, would have assumed a goodlier aspect, had this wish been fulfilled: it would be better for our generation were its accomplishment at hand. All that is good, beautiful, true, great, and exalted, would be more justly recognised, more sincerely loved, more zealously promoted. All that is ignoble and impure, all that is offensive to the mind and the heart, would be hated, rejected, and banished; healthfulness and purity, without and within, would be sought after and attained; sin, ignorance, disorder, error, strife, war, misery, and want would disappear from among men—men of one race, of one family, of one calling, men who had all become prophets of the Lord.

This remarkable wish was uttered by Moses, when Joshua proposed to interrupt the public teachings of Eldad and Medad, “My lord, Moses, forbid them;” said the young disciple, who feared lest it should become too light in the camp and among the people. But Moses, who was more enlightened than any man upon earth, answered, “Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord’s people were prophets!”

Dr. Salomons urges this text home on the regard of rulers, that they may yield unlimited knowledge to the people, as did Moses. “The point,” he exclaims, “on which the sages and philosophers of all nations have been, and are even now, still at variance, whether the moral and intellectual standard of the people should be raised, whether they should be enlightened, was decided thousands of years ago, by thee, Great Teacher of man, noble Instructor of the people.”

The following passage is so just, as well as fine, that we must quote it, *in extenso*.

"Many, who hear what we exhort men to do, and how high a standard we would place before them, would call us *visionaries*, or at least, if they would much honour us, *pious visionaries*. They would ask, 'How can that which you require be accomplished? Look around! The children of men are little worth; they wander hither and thither, and heap folly upon folly.' But, my dear friends, the highest virtue is in itself no vision; you render it such by deeming it impossible: it is not so difficult to vivify it, to put it into action, if each individual would so will it; each father, each mother, each son, each daughter, each public servant, each private individual. *Men are little worth*. Let each individual begin to be worth something. From these single efforts, a large aggregate of good must ultimately result. Men recede: let each individual begin himself to advance, the mass will go forward. *They heap folly on folly*. Let each one begin to lay aside his folly, how wise will the mass become! Individual instances of advancement you acknowledge; but is not the mass composed of individuals? Wherein then consists the delusion, the impossibility? Let each believe himself capable of much in the domain of morals; his strength will increase by exercise, each single flower is a flower in Virtue's chaplet. Let each carefully contribute his mite, and not only the *man*, but mankind will rise higher. What the inspired have spoken will one day be fulfilled. *One day!* and though that one day should tarry, await it: that is the prophet's spirit. They beheld not the entire fulfilment of the glorious and the holy things which they predicted! That did not deter them from unweariedly teaching and testifying, warning and reminding, speaking and working for children, and children's children; and the latest generations reap the harvest which they have sown. Let us follow their example, beloved friends, and wrestle and strive, and never rest, and never repose, till each has fulfilled the command of his father, to be a prophet unto the Lord, animated by the Spirit of the Lord."

This passage is worth all the Oxford *Tracts for the Times*, and is corrective of the heresy that they have promulgated regarding apostolic and laic inspiration. O, believe us, that it is ever possible, and should be ever actual! How cheering is it that a Jewish doctor should indicate so great a truth—so Christian—so Jewish! We find him also indicating another great truth, as belonging both to the Old and the New Testament, against Warburton and his school—namely, the doctrine of the immortality and separate state of the soul. He finds the declaration in the words, that ABRAHAM WAS GATHERED UNTO HIS PEOPLE. "Herein," he adds, "is declared the highest object of our being. To be gathered unto his people, means something far different from being laid in the grave. These words are immediately followed in the original by, 'And his sons buried him in the cave of Machpelah.' The dead body is spoken of in the latter passage; but *he*, he himself, was gathered unto his people. Thus is the death of the pious described in the Scriptures. Our death is a return home to the beloved ones, is a reunion with the souls who were dear unto us. To be gathered unto his people—not only the eternal existence of our spirit is here declared, but also the blessed relationship into which it will enter, although it is so generally imagined that such a declaration is nowhere to be found in Scripture. We shall meet again, we shall again behold one another after death—we are gathered unto our people!"

But we cease: were we to quote all the beautiful things to be found in this book, we should be compelled to elaborate a long paper, fitter for an article in chief in the Quarterly Review, than for a brief notice in our MONTHLY CRYPT. Such a Book as this makes us rejoice in the position that we have taken up as Critics. Of a truth, our Catholicity stands us in good stead. Whenever we can find a noble mind, whatever his clime or creed, there we recognise a brother of our house—the human family. Thanks be to the FATHER.

Dr. Salomon recognises the reason of man as an immediate inspiration from God, and as promulging the same truths as were uttered from Mount

Sinai. He grows sublime in his Kantism. "The sublime words," he says, "have twice sounded forth, LET THERE BE LIGHT. It was on the birth-day of the physical world for the eye, and afterwards on the birth-day of the spiritual world for the reason of man. And if at the present we were in possession only of the two first of the divine words spoken in Mount Sinai; thinking reason would solemnise in sisterly union with Divine Revelation the brightest triumph.—I AM THE ETERNAL."

He proceeds—"The reason of man can find no repose except in the belief of a really existent God; one who lives and works, who guides and directs, the destinies of men and nations. A Divine Providence rules all things: chance, accident and fate, are mere unmeaning words. THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME: One only God lives in all, and the great All is sustained by him alone. One universal Spirit calls worlds and spirits into existence. Polytheism and idolatry, ye are vanquished together, with all your monstrous and unnatural offspring, for the thinking reason has said Amen to the great proclamation spoken on the heights of Sinai. Make no Image of the Eternal God; seek no similitude for him who hath no similitude in heaven or on earth."

How magnificent a conception it would be to figure the reason itself as the height of Sinai—with what splendour of language would Coleridge have decked such a thought. That a Jew should thus bring Moses and Kant together! Proof this, that philosophy is a reconciling power, and that all sects may be thereby enabled to syncretise. Friend Alerist must see to this. Meantime Dr. Salomon tells us, that "Wherever reason has a voice in the most modern systems of philosophy, there we shall find philosophy seizing only as a commentary on that sacred text. Wherever that text is not adopted, there is idolatry practised, and the name of the Lord misunderstood."

And even thus a voice from Israel has corroborated what we asserted in our New Year's Address to the readers of this Magazine. Verily, our heart pours forth in gratitude unto the Most High! Holy! holy! holy! be his Name for ever and ever. Amen.

Let us proceed with another extract.

"The Lord our God is One, and the only One. Thus speaks, likewise, the creed of reason; for as soon as man is able and willing to examine by her light, he rejects the belief in Polytheism, which leads him astray from labyrinth to labyrinth, and from one contradiction to another. The one only God frees him from these mazes of contradiction, and loosens the bonds of error. Hence, the reason of some sages among the ancients, led them to declare with us, that the Lord our God is One; and hence, when a better knowledge fills the earth, the reason of all men will lead them to proclaim *the Lord is One, and his name One.*

"What reason has discovered, is confirmed by the voice within, the sacred decision of the heart. In the minds of pious and wise men, the feeling arises spontaneously of homage to one only Being, who has called worlds and spirits into existence. The heart indeed knows no other creed, and thus 'in every language that man can understand,' in the pure speech of nature, in the well-ordered language of reason, 'in the still small voice of conscience,' we hear repeated, Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is One!"

Our readers will perceive an identity of opinion between this philosophical Jew, and the American writers whom we have this month introduced to their notice. With the following pregnant sentence or two we conclude.

"The feelings may mislead, and the imagination may deceive, but Reason neither deceives nor misleads. I am not speaking of the reason which has a like significance with opinion, supposition, belief; of the reason which can be corrupted by inclination or circumstances; or of that which may become, by means of prejudice, actually unreasonable. Observe I speak of the God-like faculty by which we know how to distinguish between true and false, between right and wrong; that reason which God has bestowed as a distinction upon

man; as the only angel standing between the Creator and the creature, through whose means you may approach nearer to Him, and He to you."

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Times of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. By a Member of the Houses of Shirley and Hastings. Vol. I. London: William Edward Painter, 342, Strand. 1839.

OUR friend, the Laureate Southey, has perhaps theorised too scientifically in some parts of his life of Wesley. Such works as the one before us take up the subject at a contrary extreme, and fear to reason on the facts of religious progress. They admire where they should analyse. The subject of pious emotion is now well understood, and the extraordinary force of novel truth on the mind appreciated at its true worth. There is no need, in fact, to suppose Mr. Berridge to have been a buffoon or a fanatic, in the exclusive sense of the latter phrase, in order to account for the singular effects that he produced. The dark state of the public mind at the time his services were needed is sufficient to explain the strange phenomena that accompanied his preaching. Hysterical convulsions are the exponents of wonder excited by sudden impressions:—when there are convictions of guilt and feelings of repentance, they may readily be believed to be of exceeding violence. Remember that the strongest interests of the *soul* are excited—her eternal welfare—the highest hopes, the deepest fears—mighty must be the sufferings, loud the cries, keen the agony. The nature of the moral passions must be well considered by him who would speculate on such a topic; nay, he must have had experience in the same kind himself, before he is thoroughly qualified to gauge their intensity and weigh their value.

The present life of the Countess of Huntingdon is chiefly valuable for the large quantity of materials that are wound up in its composition, and the thoroughly religious spirit with which it is pervaded. No one can rise from its perusal without being convinced that Methodism had a divine purpose, and that the Lady Selina was not "mad" but "inspired," to give it assistance and direction. The introduction to the work, by the Rev. J. K. Foster, is well written, and a valuable commentary on the scope and design of the entire production. When we receive the second volume, we shall probably enter into the argument at large. Nothing is so valuable as memoirs of this kind. Every fresh one is, as it were, a New Evangel.

The *Ecclesiastical Biographer* should be the last person to forget the patriarchal precept uttered by Joseph: "It was not you that sent me hither but God." It was against her will that, in the founding of Methodism, the Countess of Huntingdon was compelled to violate ecclesiastical order, and shelter herself and her companions in zeal under the act of toleration. In like manner was Wesley forced to introduce a lay ministry. Wherefore? That the apostolic succession, which of all things is the most spiritual, should not be treated as a mere historical occurrence. The nominally self-taught are the really God-taught: and both Church and State must provide for the occupation of such—or, if they do not, God will! Such is the sum of the matter.

Life of Mrs. Siddons. By Thomas Campbell. London: Edward Moxon, Dover-street. 1839.

In every shape will we repudiate the unworthy *calumny*, that we have any other feeling towards Mr. Thomas Campbell, but the most reverential respect. We hold our philosophical, religious and political sentiments as sacred things, of which we sometimes speak with an emotion that may make us disregard personal considerations. But we are utterly incapable of uttering an opinion with a personal object. We dare speak in praise of Campbell's Life of Mrs.

Siddons, though it was on its first appearance condemned in the Quarterly. We look upon it as a dignified and accomplished piece of work, with a style of its own, exceedingly appropriate to the subject, to the author and the moral tone of his thinking. He is solicitous to treat of Mrs. Siddons, not only as the great actress, but as the excellent woman, and portrays her as she appeared to himself in her private relations.

Mr. Campbell, too, is deserving on another account. A large book is a large evil—he has been contented with a small one. Doubtless, with the stores at his command he might have made three volumes—partly compilation, partly original, of documents that should never appear in print. He has resisted the lust of lucre that has burned so infernally in some others, and deserves for this glorious abstinence our warmest approbation.

An analysis of this very excellent book at this time of day would be a ridiculous affair. We therefore content ourselves with the summary of Mrs. Siddons' character. Who but Campbell could have written it?

"Mrs. Siddons was a great, simple being, who was not shrewd in her knowledge of the world, and was not herself well understood, in some particulars, by the iniquity of the world. The universal feeling towards her was respectful, but she was thought austere. Now, with all her apparent haughtiness, there was no person more humble when humility morally became her. I have known her call up a servant whom she found she has undeservedly blamed, and beg his pardon before her family. She had a motherly affectionate heart. Hundreds of her letters have been submitted to me; and though her correspondence has disappointed me, in being less available than I could have wished for quotation, yet, in one respect, it delighted me, by the proofs which it gave of her endearing domestic character. In not one of her notes, though some of them were written on subjects of petty vexation, is there a single trace of angry feeling.

"From intense devotion to her profession, she derived a peculiarity of manner, of which I have the fullest belief she was not in the least conscious, unless reminded of it; I mean the habit of attaching dramatic tones and emphases to common-place colloquial subjects. She went, for instance, one day, into a shop at Bath, and, after bargaining for some calico, and hearing the mercer pour forth a hundred commendations of the cloth, she put the question to him, "*But will it wash?*" in a manner so electrifying as to make the poor shopman start back from his counter. I once told her this anecdote about herself, and she laughed at it heartily, saying, "Witness truth, I never meant to be tragical." This singularity made her manner susceptible of caricature. I know not what others felt, but I own that I loved her all the better for this unconscious solemnity of manner; for, independently of its being blended with habitual kindness to her friends, and giving, odd as it may seem, a zest to the humour of her familiar conversation, it always struck me as a token of her simplicity. In point of fact, a manner, in itself artificial, sprung out of the *naïveté* of her character.

"In the course of a long life, how few individuals have diffused so much delight and moral sympathy! When a foreigner came to London, during her reign on the stage, and demanded to see all that England could boast of, could you have done justice to your country, without showing him the Siddons, as one of the ornaments of our empire? And she was more than a woman of genius; for the additional benevolence of her heart made her an honour to her sex and to human nature."

We have only one emendation to propose of this passage—and it relates to the last clause of the last sentence. We should have ascribed that very benevolence of her heart to the fulness of her genius.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Wm. Knight has nearly ready for publication in a portable volume, "Oriental Outlines or a Rambler's Recollections of a Tour in Turkey, Greece, and Tuscany," chiefly intended as a guide for travellers visiting Napoli di Romania, the Grecian Islands, Ephesus, Smyrna, the Dardanelles, and Constantinople.

Mr. Leopold J. Bernays has in the Press in one volume 8vo. a Translation of the 2d Book of Göthe's *Faust*—and other Poems—partly in the metres of the original and partly in Prose.—it will be ready for publication in October.

The British and Foreign Review, or European Quarterly Journal—No. XVII.

WE hasten to acknowledge the receipt of this Number. It is, indeed, of very great excellence. We have read the articles on The State of the Nation—on Works of Art and Artists in England—and on Lamartine's *La Chûte d'un Ange*—the merit of which is very great. Take it for all in all—this is the best of the Reviews. We say this deliberately, conscientiously, decidedly.

Cookery Made Easy. By a Lady; London: Published by Dean and Munday.

THIS Book contains the most plain and practical directions for properly cooking and serving up of all sorts of provisions, and is excellently well adapted for the purpose designed. We recommend it to every respectable family.

THE GREEN ROOM.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THESE boards having been signalised by the re-appearance of Mr. Macready, and that tragedian not having yet assumed a new character in the drama, has induced us to a consideration of his claims to the high eminence he has attained.

On his first appearance on the London stage—the great John Kemble was on his wane—and Edmund Kean was in the full vigour of his powers, Mr. Macready therefore may be said to have been opposed on the one hand by all the grandeur and dignity of an elevated and classical school, and on the other by the unwearied energy of original genius aided by youth, and triumphant with well-merited success.

To have made any stand at all against two such powerful opponents, would be a meed of no small praise to have allotted to a *débutant*; but Mr. Macready achieved infinitely more than this. His *début* in "Orestes" in "The Distressed Mother," allowing for all the disadvantages inseparable from a first performance, evinced a promise of great future excellence. The novelty of his style was at once its most remarkable feature, it being equally removed, and indeed at variance with the styles of his two great tragic contemporaries—not possessing the artificial and stilted mannerism of "the last of all the Romans," whose very appearance and gestures threw a halo of sublimity around what was cold, stiff, and formal, and being devoid of the interminable rapidity of action, endless impetuosity, and variety of comic and tragic capabilities which succeeded each other by fits and starts, in Mr. Kean's great but unequal performances.

"Like the waves of the summer, as *one* died away,
Another as bright and as shining came on."

Mr. Macready's style was impassioned but chaste, his intonation clear and distinct, lapsing at times, it must be confessed, into the colloquial and the familiar, and at times so hurried, that in many cases the sense of the passage he was delivering became absolutely obscure to the audience. These defects, observation and practice have enabled him to overcome; and it is not saying too much of our tragedian to assert, that not only in purity of pronunciation, but distinctness of utterance, Mr. Macready is without a rival. In point of voice, Nature has been most bountiful, having gifted him with one of great harmony, and vast capabilities. His attitudes for the most part are not deficient in grace, and are in general well suited to the line of character he performs.

In this brief sketch it is not intended to trace him professionally step by step from his *début*, to the present moment when he has attained the envied rank of being considered the only first-rate tragedian on the British stage: our object is merely to describe and do justice to his genius and peculiar style. To reach the eminent station at which we now behold him he has toiled hard, and contended with vast difficulties, which he has overcome solely by the painful progression of unremitting study.

He has, on the other hand, possessed the great advantage of having several fine parts written solely for the display of his varied histrionic powers, when, on such occasions, he has shone forth with redoubled splendour, displaying those high resources of his art, so essential to the embodying the creations of genius, and exciting a thrilling interest by the high-wrought illusion of the scene.

"*Virginus*"—"William Tell"—"Ion"—"Claude Melnotte"—and "*Richelieu*," may be adduced as triumphant specimens of Mr. Macready's skill in representing the heroes of our modern, and most distinguished tragic writers.

But the engagement of Mr. Macready is remarkable, as producing Mr. Phelps again in a character worthy of his acceptance. We should have thought him of too pathetic a nature for the personation of Iago; but, however, he got through his task admirably well. His is not a gloomy, grimalkin sort of villain, such as Young and Vandenhoff have delighted to present—but a bold gay soldier—a man of strong intellect, but of a capricious and jealous temperament. All this was reflected by the actor. Among the new readings that Mr. Phelps ventured, was one that deserves notice. In delivering, "I bleed, Sir—but not killed"—he points to the slain Desdemona. Was this, or not, in Shakspeare's mind? It gives a bitterness to the remark which has hitherto been overlooked. At any rate, the actor claims credit for his ingenuity.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

THIS Commonwealth of Theatrical Management has brought forward two adaptations of Foreign Operas. The "*Elixir d'Amore*" of Donizetti—and the "*Scarramuccia*" of Ricci. Although the former was no novelty in an English dress, it having been played at the Surrey, some months ago, and the latter is by no means a first-rate musical composition, both have been as successful as could have been anticipated.

The latter revival unfortunately afforded Mr. Balfe, the manager, an opportunity of revealing publicly the indiscretions of a brother vocalist, the recurrence of which do so much towards bringing the profession into such universal contempt. It certainly is to be regretted that Mr. Balfe should, as manager, have been placed in so painful a situation; and if there were many people in the theatre who paid for their admission, they had no right to be treated thus cavalierly: but without at all meaning to palliate Mr. Leffler's inebriety, we do think, that, out of respect to his profession, if not from motives of common humanity towards one whose very existence depends on the good opinion of

the public, Mr. Balfé might have concealed the errors of his friend, and still sent his audience away well satisfied.

The other novelties that have been well received at this establishment have been "The Hall Porter," a very clever Farce by Mr. Samuel Lover, and a Melo-drama called "Snap-apple Night," combining the usual ingredients of terror and absurdity, which so eminently characterise this heterogeneous class of Dramatic composition. It presented some effective Tableaux; and notwithstanding its incongruities, it was favourably received.

SURREY THEATRE.

MR. T. P. COOKE has recommenced an engagement here, and personated "Ben the Boatswain," in a nautical drama of that name, from the pen of Mr. Wilks. He is also announced to appear as the hero of another naval play from the untiring pen of Mr. Haynes. We never see that splendid representative of English seamen, Mr. T. P. Cooke, without feeling a regret that he did not flourish in the days of Dibdin and Incledon—when our Gazettes teemed with naval victories—when the song-writer was rewarded with a pension for his patriotism, and the vocalist was crowned with reiterated bursts of heart-felt applause, as sincere as triumphant.

"We are fallen upon gloomy days"

in regard to nautical achievements. This, we suppose, induces our dramatists to make their sailors nice, quiet, domestic, young gentlemen, with a very strong sense of the proprieties, accompanied by a wish to "get spliced," and to sit down quietly, and enjoy existence, as people with a respectable turn of mind ought to do. "William," in "Black-eyed Susan," is a superlative specimen of a youth of this description, and gives utterance to sweet and tender sentiments sufficient to stock all the love-sick sailors, from Blackwall to Port Jackson.

To behold the English sailor on the stage as he is in reality, either on board his ship or on shore, we must wait till the breaking out of a war. Then, instead of the above feeble portraiture, our nautical play-wrights will be compelled to exhibit him as the ardent, brave, and reckless being, exulting in his strength and loyalty, abounding in heartiness and roughness of manner, with a great taste for practical jokes, and broad fun; and, at the same time, imbued with many of the kindest and finest feelings that adorn and elevate humanity.

THE DEATH-RATTLE OF PARTY.

THE law of progress, indefinitely accelerated in its operations, is effectually subversive of human institutions; and so the even balance of parties by deciding the beam, is preclusive of the motion that is necessary to life. What is needed is neither a stagnant pool nor a headlong cataract, but a gentle river full, yet not overflowing, down which we may safely voyage in calm weather with the common exertion of sail and oar, and in rough with ordinary foresight and skill. Let it be granted that society awaits regeneration, still the "vaulting ambition" that would spring at once from the present position of the social state to some future pos-

sible one, which in excellence shall transcend all that the world has yet exemplified, "must overleap itself and fall on the other side." Nevertheless, so watchful are human interests that such a result can scarcely happen. The cry for Reform, accordingly, produced a vehement Reaction, the consequence of which has been, that the law of progress was so powerfully antagonised by the principle of conservatism, that the two parties were placed *hors de combat*, with only just so much disturbance of the equilibrium as served to save them from absolute inactivity. But although the men who had taken up the cause of Reform, together with their opponents, were checkmated in Parliament, the opposing principles were yet abroad, one striving to countervail the other in a larger field of contention. Now, it is the progressive principle that is most likely to err on the side of activity, the retrogressive is quietly operant—just so much as will preserve the permanence of things in the proper and safe mean—a certain shifting point between the opponent twain. And thus it remains until the attraction of the opposite, becoming excessive, rouses it to increased exertion, aided also by the law of repulsion, of which the principle is to prevent too close an approximation to either extreme. The onward principle has become thus erroneously active in the wide field of general society, as of late it was in the narrower space of parliament, and will rouse reaction in its new arena as effectually as it did in the old. The Chartist excesses have already put society on the defensive, and the middle classes must join with the upper in quelling the perilous disturbances which now do more than agitate, which threaten the peace and order of daily existence. Nor in Parliament will the result be different, the once half-radical ministry, from Viscount Melbourne to Lord John Russell, are become conservatives, and a coalition is promised, not by the tories descending to the whigs, but by the whigs approximating to the tories.

"There never was an instance," says the Rev. Sydney Smith, in his largely circulated pamphlet on the ballot, "There never was an instance in this country where parties were so nearly balanced; but all this will pass away, and, in a very few years, either Peel will swallow Lord John, or Lord John will pasture upon Peel; parties will coalesce, the Duke of Wellington and Viscount Melbourne meet at the same board, and the lion lie down with the lamb."

Such seems now to be not only the general want, but the general desire. Nevertheless the *ultra* papers are offended with our *syncretic* correspondent for a little anticipating the time. These are, however, only the last gusts of the receding storm. The thunder-peal is loudest when about to lower its tone. But are the fierce sentiments of the daily press responded to by our public men? O, no! neither Sir Robert Peel nor the Duke of Wellington is pledged to the opinions of the newspaper scribes—and would never dream of attempting any thing so mad as the mildest of the schemes proposed in certain grandiloquent leaders indited by certain able editors. All their political writing is too abstract, too metaphysical, fitter for Utopia than for England; the politics of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, on the contrary, shall be, as they have been, eminently practical. We abhor mere speculation—mere theory—as much as we affect legitimate philosophy and well-founded science.

It is not, however, by any forced compromise of principle, any

violent junction of parties, that the desirable result will be produced. O no! But it will be by a very different process, to which the necessity from external pressure will be but a temporary condition. It will be by the conviction wrought in the minds of the lower parties in the state, taught both from within and from without, that the higher principles of government are the truer, and the highest the truest. Every individual of any intelligence will acquiesce in the axiom, that government should be government; that in order to be so, it must be aristocratic, and monarchic; and thus the coalition will proceed, by absorbing the greater part of the antagonism into the one conservative principle, without which there can be no permanence for institutions; and without permanence there can be no progress.

In illustration of this consequence,—who can have failed to remark the declining influence of the House of Commons, and the increasing authority of the House of Peers? It becomes a matter of indifference, whether the present ministry keep in or go out. One only scheme of policy is possible, and in that the lords will take the initiative. That party, too, in the state, which, if out of power, would be the first to question the prerogatives of the queen, must now, for its own sake, support them. It will ultimately become so pledged to constitutional views, that, even when out of place, the present order of whig-statesmen will scarcely be guilty of the monstrous inconsistency of acting like their predecessors. They must and will cease to be a faction opposed to conservatism, and must become, at farthest, moderate supporters of social progress; to which, with well understood limitations, no modern tory will object.

Meantime, the very lowest class in the empire must be cared for by the highest, and will be. We sympathise to the full extent with Mr. Wordsworth in his advocacy of the Rights of Labour. We are quite sure that they will not only be conceded, but that the wisest and best of men will solicitously set about such method of relief as the circumstances of the times demand. Reduction of taxation has been tried and in vain; we must seek to reduce the competition which hitherto has been the life of business. It is no longer its life. The different classes of society must come to some great social arrangement. The cry must no longer be for war but for peace. Provision must also be made for the new created intelligence, which, like a soul under the ribs of death, has been awakened in the mass of the labouring population, by that subtle and wizard music which has found its way into the national heart through the medium of the educational methods, which have placed in the possession of the multitude the mysterious Power of Knowledge. Would that the kind and measure of it had been better regulated! Something must be done towards a better accomplishment of this great state-need. We must provide the *moral* influence by which the information imparted or acquired may be turned to good. The only difficulty in our way, is the excessive sectarianism of English people; this, however, will cease, as the *principles* of Christianity become better understood. These once mastered, all intelligent minds will agree on the minor facts that symbolize their operation. Evidence is daily crowding on us of the large number of sympathetic minds that are seeking for One point of union in religious perceptions. To find this one point there only needs the

desire ; and Providence is marvellously preparing the way for a merciful consummation. The waves are now roaring, but ere long there will be a calm for the Church that shall not be transient. Doubts that once vexed our fathers are easily solved by us ; and Faith becomes more and more established on the ruins of sceptical theories. Philosophy, too, has raised the evidences of the religion of Christ so high, that speculation merely historical can henceforth have no force with the instructed, and will excite little interest in the vulgar. Such are the perils that have past—and such the hopes that remain for the future.

STANZAS.

1.

BRIGHT is thine eye, and fair thy brow ;
 'Tis arched like heaven's imperial cope ;—
 Within its orb what feelings glow,
 The tender thoughts of Love and Hope !
 The fond desire thy heart conceals,
 The trembling fear thy lips betray,
 Thy speaking eye alike reveals—
 Thou meanest, " Yes"—then, why say, " Nay" ?

2.

This hand is thine, that ne'er was vowed
 To maid before—none dear to me !
 This heart is thine, that ne'er allowed
 A wandering wish to err from thee !
 The blessed hour, when first I gazed
 Upon thy brow, confirmed thy sway,
 Nor shrunk thine eye from mine amazed—
 Thou meanest, " Yes"—then why say, " Nay" ?

3.

Those quivering lips that breathed it too,
 Are pale with dread of what they spake—
 But this one kiss restores their hue,
 And on thy cheek what charms awake !
 That heavenly blush—that happy sigh—
 O turn from me no more away !
 Thy bosom speaks as did thine eye—
 Thou meanest, " Yes"—thou sayst *not*—" Nay."
